

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. LXXX.—No. 256.
Copyright, 1895. Published Weekly by ARKELL WEEKLY CO.,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue. All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1895.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



"CHILLY."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JAN VAN BEERS.—BY PERMISSION OF M. KNOEDLER & CO., NEW YORK.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FEBRUARY 7, 1895.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

A Question That Must Be Faced.



HAT is to come of all the collisions of capital and labor, of employer and employed? Are the rights of the public and the interests of society to be forever exposed to menace and injury because of these growing antagonisms? Is there no reserve potency in law or public opinion which is adequate to the maintenance of public order and the enforcement of justice as between man and man?

These are questions which must be faced and solved. Every day is adding to their acuteness and gravity. The gulf between the contending forces is constantly widening and deepening. It is of vital consequence that it should be bridged before resentment flames into revolution and the whole social and industrial framework is broken to pieces.

No event of recent years has more impressively exhibited the growing antagonisms between employer and employé—between capitalistic combinations and the working classes—than the trolley strike in Brooklyn. And no event has more clearly emphasized the increasing arrogance of corporate power, and its indifference to obvious obligations. These trolley companies are creations of the State. They have been invested by it with privileges of enormous value for a specific public use. Outside of that purpose they have not an atom of authority. Like every other creature of law they are also its subjects. Their properties must be used in a lawful way, justly and humanely, for lawful ends. But these corporations have for the most part ignored entirely their obligations to the public. Their managers have converted them into instrumentalities of private gain; and in their eager greed have even defied the laws of the State, subjecting their employes to conditions as to hours of labor at once unlawful and inhuman, and the people to discomfort and loss. Their cars have been run at rates of speed dangerous to the public safety in streets for the occupancy of which they pay little or nothing whatever. They have persistently refused, in the face of an overwhelming popular demand, to equip these cars with appliances conducive to security. Their whole policy has been violent and contemptuous of the public will.

It does not follow, however, that these corporations, being themselves wanton law-breakers, are not entitled to the law's protection. That is their right under all and any circumstances. But, on the other hand, they should be required, when demanding the benefit of the law, to obey on their part all its requirements. The possession of franchises bestowed by an act of sovereignty does not exempt them from the laws enacted by the sovereign authority. It is just because these and other corporations like them are not compelled to keep within the law, that the hostility of the laboring classes is everywhere growing in intensity and becoming more aggressive. It is not the harangues of John Most and his kind, so much as the toleration by the state of corporate lawlessness, of capitalistic invasions of public rights, and the failure of courts to punish acts in them which, in the mere individual, would be visited with heavy penalties, that is making socialists and anarchists, and multiplying the dangers of social upheaval. When the Brooklyn strikers assailed the property of the companies the whole power of the State was justly invoked for the suppression of their disorderly acts, and the courts did not hesitate to punish every rioter shown to be guilty of actual violence. Is it any wonder that men ask why the power of the State has not been employed with equal alertness and vigor in behalf of the public as against the corporations—why the gigantic trusts and monopolies which ride roughshod over community, and for the suppression of which the law makes plain provision, are never brought to book—and that, failing to find an answer, they sometimes forget that, in a well-ordered government, every wrong and injustice must be adjusted by peaceful means?

We do not justify violence or claim for labor any privileges to which it is not entitled. It is every man's right to work or not, as he chooses. But no man has a right to interfere with another who desires to employ his skill or strength in any capacity or sphere. So, no employer, corporate or otherwise, can be compelled to give employment where he prefers not to do so. But where the relation of employer and employed does exist, it should be characterized by justice and fair play, by a mutual regard for fundamental considerations of right and wrong. There

should be on the one hand a fair wage, and on the other loyal and honest service. Each should recognize his responsibility to law, and failing to do so, should be held sternly amenable for his default. It is discreditable to our civilization that this is not in any general sense the fact in the case.

It is high time that the people should assert themselves, in some effective way, for the arrest of a tendency which is full of peril to the commonwealth. The railway interest of the country, holding the intimate relation it does to the public interests, must be assured the amplest possible protection in all the privileges conferred upon it for legitimate uses. But it must also be held to the strictest performance of the service for which it exists, and restrained from all acts in violation of law or prejudicial to the general weal. Legislation, too, should provide for the full protection of citizens who invest their capital in these corporate properties, and of all other citizens, as well, who furnish the labor without which the public use these properties are designed to serve cannot be performed.

It ought not to be difficult to devise and enact legislation of this character. Given a clear apprehension of the spirit of the Golden Rule, with a true conception of the powers of the State on the one hand, and of the functions and limitations of its corporate creations on the other, and it should be an easy matter to frame a law or body of laws which would largely diminish, if they did not altogether silence, the discord and contention which now fill the land with uproar and threaten the foundations of the state. Is there not wisdom enough and high civic pride enough in the Legislature of New York to meet, as it ought to be met, this grave exigency in our history? We have led the way in the solution of other questions of high statesmanship—why not in this?

Military Training in Public Schools.

A good deal can be said in favor of the movement for the general introduction of the system of military drill into our common schools. It will unquestionably stimulate the patriotic spirit and contribute to the security of our institutions against domestic disorders or external assaults. Ex-President Harrison is undoubtedly right when he says that the work of organizing the Union army at the outbreak of the Rebellion would have been immensely facilitated if all the youth of the North had enjoyed the advantages of preliminary military training in the schools. Not only so, but the war itself would have been shortened and thousands of lives and millions of treasure, which were wasted from our want of knowledge, would have been saved. The effect of such a system upon our State militia organizations could not be otherwise than salutary; each school would become a feeder of these organizations, bringing into them a military knowledge and training which would greatly increase their efficiency and give them a standing, as a buttress of the public defense, which they, very often, do not now possess.

It is proper that in a movement of this importance New York should take the lead, and it is to be hoped that the Legislature will promptly pass the bill now before it, and thus pave the way for a general introduction of the system. This bill, which was approved at the recent great demonstration at Carnegie Hall, provides that all boys "over eleven years old may be enrolled as members of the American Guard, as long as they are scholars of the academies, high schools, unions or other public schools of this State, by the principals of such schools." Each principal shall prescribe the conditions for membership and report to the school authorities of each city the nature of his organization. The enrolled scholars are to be divided into companies, and from three to six of such companies will form a battalion, each battalion to be commanded by a principal of a school, and be inspected by the inspector-general or an officer of his force annually, the inspector-general to have supreme command in every detail. The companies are to be equipped by the State, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars being appropriated for the purpose.

The Governors of several States have expressed their sympathy with this movement, and most of them will, it is understood, recommend it to the consideration of their Legislatures.

An Element of Security.



BELATED census report gives an interesting revelation of a most important feature of our national life. It shows that ninety per cent. of the national wealth is in the hands of the owners of farms and homes, and that the native farm occupiers are exceeded in ownership by the natives of all the countries represented in our population except Italy. The percentage for native owners is sixty-nine, and for the Italians sixty-eight; the highest percentage is eighty-seven for the Irish. This last fact is especially surprising. Ownership is more prevalent among native than among foreign-born occupiers in the case of homes than it is among farm occupiers. Of the native occupiers of homes, forty-one per cent. are owners, and the lowest percentage representing the ownership of homes for places of birth is

twelve for the Italians. The ownership of homes in the fifty-eight principal cities is nearly as great among the foreign-born as among the natives. There are no doubt many persons who will regard this statement as incredible, but it rests upon solid evidence. Among the native home occupiers in these cities twenty-three per cent. are owners, the highest percentage being thirty-two for the Germans, and the lowest six for the Italians. It appears also that in these cities the women who are farm and home owners exceed the men. Slightly more than one-quarter of the 2,928,671 owned homes of the United States are owned by women, and about one-tenth of the 3,142,746 owned farms.

The striking and distinctly reassuring fact disclosed by these statistics is that so large a proportion of the national wealth has a homestead basis—represents homes and lands in actual occupation. There is in this condition a guarantee and bulwark of the public security which no other means of defense affords; law and authority are relatively safe where the people have a real stake in the welfare, and are positively identified with the substantial interests, of community.

The American as a Tourist.



WITH the multiplication of the facilities of travel there has been a remarkable quickening of the nomadic spirit, especially among the well-to-do class of Americans. Nowadays our countrymen are exploring every quarter of the globe; we find them not only on established routes of travel and in familiar Old-World haunts, but in out-of-the-way nooks and corners

where tourists of other countries seldom if ever penetrate. They make pilgrimages to the farthest East; they scour all seas; they throng the sites of buried empires and dig for relics of civilizations which perished in the dawn of time; they study the monuments on which is writ the history of the primeval man and his struggles; there is no obstacle that can arrest, and no peril that can appall them, in their search for new fields of conquest.

A favorite field of exploration just now is the Mediterranean and the Orient. Excursions occupying eight or ten weeks can be made from New York to Palestine and return, taking in Gibraltar and other points in Spain, Algiers, Nice, Genoa, Rome, Cairo and the Pyramids, Jerusalem, Constantinople, Athens, and other historic places, for a matter of about five hundred and fifty dollars; and these can be extended to the First Cataract of the Nile, a luxurious tour of twenty-one days from Cairo, for one hundred and fifty dollars additional. Such an excursion as this not only brings the tourist into touch with forms of life which reflect the spirit of forgotten ages, but broadens, inevitably, his field of vision as to the comparative progress of the older nations; and, to any person of ordinary intelligence and habits of observation, cannot fail to be immensely instructive. Then there are special excursions, like the so-called Presbyterian pilgrimage which, under competent guidance will next summer visit the places in Ireland, Scotland, and the continent which are associated with early Presbyterian history and the development of religious freedom. As to near-by excursions, they are practically innumerable, especially during the winter season. Within six or seven weeks one may journey across the continent and the Pacific to Japan and return, or "do" Cuba, the Bahamas and the rest of the West Indies, or explore Mexico and the Pacific coast, gathering from each particular field rich sheaves of pleasure and instruction. A month will suffice to test the delights of Florida, with a short sea-voyage thrown in, and all the more attractive points from Washington to the Gulf can be visited and studied more or less satisfactorily within a like space of time. It is the beneficence of travel that it enriches and enlarges both the mental and the spiritual natures, and no people have larger facilities and opportunities in this direction than our own.

The Mayor's Gastronomic Ordeal.

MR. WILLIAM L. STRONG has had an extraordinary experience as a diner-out since he was nominated for the honorable office we are all glad he fills. He was a man of domestic habit up to that fateful hour, and dined at home six nights a week. The home dinner comes on the off night now. He has dined with the Union League Club in honor of his nomination; with the Good Government Clubs in honor of his election; with the Seventy in honor of his appointments—and their disappointment; with the Reform Club, perhaps for form's sake, or in honor, possibly, of the wheels in the Reformers' heads. He has dined with the Lotos Club because it is made up of jolly good fellows who know how to give dinners where the guests enjoy themselves to the full, using full in its orthodox sense. He will dine in a short time with the brewers, those public-spirited citizens of ours who make more money in beer and pretzels than they can spend on champagne and terrapin.

We have watched with solicitude the gradual enlargement of the mayor's waistcoat. In this city of dinners and diners, and at this, the height of the dining season, we say more power to his waistband, and let his elbows take care

of themselves! If Mayor Hewitt's digestion had been as good he would never have had so many journalistic hounds baying at his heels and reminding him that "this was Mayor Hewitt's day to call somebody a liar, and he did it." Many people thought Mr. Hewitt exceedingly moderate in his choice of terms in those days. And he was always moderation itself at dinners.

Mr. Strong's digestion seems as good as his common sense. Whether the next feast at which he is welcome be an apollinaris refection by the Grannisites or a *brut* banquet (Mrs. Grannis would spell this with an e) by the Tekulskys, may he never need anybody's little liver pills!

The men of New York have faith in Mayor Strong. One of the women who followed Mrs. Grannis, that estimable teetotaler, into his presence, told him tearfully that she, too, believed in him. We believe the majority of the clear-headed people of the metropolis trust in the soundness of the mayor's head and heart. Assuredly the thirsty poor, who do not belong to clubs, will not find fault with a chief magistrate who wants the license law so modified as to give them equal privileges with the thirsty rich, every day in the week. And the temperance folk must certainly find satisfaction in his declaration that he desires as earnestly as the best of them to diminish the evils of the saloon.

WHAT'S GOING ON

WHAT a spectacle is that of the defeated candidate for Governor of South Carolina petitioning the United States Senate to examine into the conduct of the late election in that State! The basis of the appeal is that the election was characterized by "fraud, force, and intimidation; that thousands of ballots were thrown out or destroyed," and that as the Governor and Legislature-elect do not in any real sense represent the people of the State, relief should be afforded the defrauded candidates. When it is remembered that the Bourbon Democracy have practiced, for years, all the methods of fraud and intimidation here charged upon their opponents, and that they have violently resisted the Federal legislation enacted for the prevention of these outrages in national elections, this appeal for Federal intervention as to irregularities in the election of merely State officers discloses an obliquity of logic and an inconsistency of purpose which can only excite ridicule and amazement.

The hostility to race-track gambling in New Jersey which manifested itself so strongly in the elections of 1893 has not abated in the least. Obedient to an overwhelming expression of public opinion, the Legislature now in session has passed an amendment to the State constitution absolutely prohibiting all lotteries, pool-selling on races, and gambling in every form; and while this amendment will not be operative until adopted by another Legislature and then approved by the people, there is no doubt at all that the principle which it embodies will be adhered to, and that any attempt, pending its adoption, to secure legislation favorable to the racing fraternity will be decisively defeated. Even the Democratic politicians have come to realize that they made a tremendous mistake in allying their party with the disreputable gang who, in utter disregard of public morals, prostituted racing to the basest gambling purposes, and the better element of that party will hereafter be as pronounced as any other class of citizens in resisting a return to the old order of things.

The financial situation does not improve. On the contrary, it is steadily growing worse. In two years we have borrowed one hundred and sixteen million dollars, but the gold reserve is again depleted, and unless a permanent policy, based on sound business principles, is soon adopted, it will be necessary to go on borrowing indefinitely to meet the demands of the treasury. So far no practical method of relief has been proposed by the party in power, and the indications are that nothing can be expected from that quarter. Democratic Congressmen are apparently unwilling to see that the real demand of the situation is not legislation as to the currency, but legislation which will provide an increase of revenue; that without this, no matter what may be done in reference to the currency, we must inevitably drift into sorer embarrassments and greater indebtedness. The effect of the new tariff has been to create a deficit of nearly forty-five million dollars in the first five months of its operation. Why not recognize the fact, act upon its suggestions, and adopt the recommendation of the Republicans of the Senate for such temporary modifications of the act as will arrest the decline in revenue and assure the treasury against continued depletion?

TRUSTWORTHY Swedish statements of the results of the Gothenburg system of regulating the liquor traffic scarcely justify the claims made for it by the advocates of its adoption in this country. While the consumption of spirits has decreased, there has been a marked increase in drunkenness, attributable to the growing habit of beer-drinking, the number of Swedish breweries having increased from one hundred and fifty-one in 1887 to two hundred and two in 1891. The police statistics show a steady increase in the number of arrests for intoxication, and while formerly drunken

women were not to be seen in Gothenburg, now arrests and convictions of women are quite common. A London *Times* correspondent, who has made a thorough investigation of the operation of the law, sums up his conclusions in the statement that "the restrictions imposed on spirits and other public houses have driven the people to beer and home drinking, and that in this way the women and children have caught the infection." It may well be doubted, in view of these statements, whether the introduction of this system here would prove really advantageous. In point of fact, none of the plans so far suggested for the regulation of this traffic are adequate to the suppression of its evils, and there is little probability that any measures of practical relief will be secured so long as public sentiment tolerates the saloon power in politics, and the friends of temperance fail to unite on some common ground of action against it. Prohibition, even if it could be enacted, would not, in the present state of public opinion, be effective. Why, then, should not all citizens who realize the enormous mischief the unrestricted traffic is doing, unite in an effort to secure the establishment of an excise system, to be administered by men of the highest character, under which license should be granted on a basis proportionate to population, and only to persons of moral habits and lives, and actual owners of the places where their business is carried on? Such a system would certainly be a step in the right direction.

Men and Things.

MR. S. R. CROCKETT is one of that little group of three Scotchmen which Dr. Nichols, the discerning editor of the *Bookman*, has served to bring before the public, and one of his books, "The Raiders," is likely to take a favored and permanent place on many book-shelves. The promise of "The Raiders" has not been fulfilled in the stories that have followed it. "Mad Sir Utrecht," "The Play Actress," and lastly, "The Lilac Sun-bonnet," all show a conventional attitude of mind, and anything but a dexterous hand. They move slowly, with halting interest and meagre detail of character, though with a plenitude of dialect and description. "The Lilac Sun-bonnet" is particularly aggravating on this last account, and one feels like calling the author's attention to Lowell's word of wisdom to story writers: "Be lenient in landscape and discreet in drama." It is rather unfair to judge the work of an author which appears soon after his first success by the standard which that success raises. For it is generally all earlier and in a sense preparatory work, and should not be compared with something which is the outcome of it. I have no doubt "The Raiders" is Mr. Crockett's last work, and the others that I have mentioned simply early efforts. The futility of a comparative criticism under the circumstances is apparent.

A great commotion has been raised in the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or one of its auxiliary associations, over the rumor that Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, in his statue of General Sherman, upon which he is now at work, has modeled the general's charger with a *docked tail*! This is going a little too far—or not far enough; and it is creditable to the humane sentiment in the community that the matter should be taken up. If the rumor prove true Mr. St. Gaudens should certainly lengthen the horse's tail and try to redeem himself in the eyes of the artless ones, whose good opinion he was within the turn of a coin of losing several months ago by his design for a new dollar, or quarter, or something. As a people we are not particularly artistic, though many meddlesome ones among us set themselves up as arbiters of art. As long as these meddlesome ones hold sway, and as long as the public taste is as barren as it is, just so long will the appreciation of the work of so consummate an artist as St. Gaudens be restricted to a fortunate few.

Among the non-political bills now before the New York Legislature is one whose fate will be watched with eager interest by thousands who have suffered from the iniquitous evil which it proposes to abolish—or at least remove from sight. I refer to the bill which some probably long-suffering Assemblyman introduced recently, providing for the protection of innocent theatre-goers of the male persuasion from that intolerable nuisance and growing evil, the theatre-hat. There is no reason or excuse for women wearing hats in the theatre. They should either leave them in the dressing-rooms, with which all our theatres are provided, or else place them in their laps during the performance. Managers, backed by the law, would soon abate this most annoying nuisance, and if our reform Legislature does nothing else this session, the passage of this "removal" bill will do much toward earning the gratitude and silencing the cavilings of its disappointed constituents.

In the second volume of the third edition of Bryce's "American Commonwealth," which has just appeared, there is a foot-note to the chapter on The Tammany Ring which I could wish brought to the notice of all the eager reformers who made the results of the last election possible, but who since then seem to have relaxed their energies and fallen into a hopeless lethargy that bodes ill for any genuine reform legislation at Albany. The foot-note,

speaking of the November victory, goes on: "Such a victory is only a first step to the purification of municipal politics, and will need to be followed up more actively and persistently than was the victory of 1871. If the rowers who have so gallantly breasted the current drop even for a moment their stalwart arms they will again be swept swiftly downwards." The truth of this is more apparent to the interested onlooker, who, like Mr. Bryce, stands aside and notes with intelligence the currents of our politics, and whither they are carrying us. Ignorance of it and hebetude at this stage in the reform of our city government and all its ramifications means a continuation of all that was most pernicious and hateful under—Tammany's rule.

The January number of the *New Review* is the first of a "new series" with a new editor. Mr. W. E. Henley has taken the place of Mr. Grove, which, for the sake of a poor pun, might be called a radical change, the politics of the retiring editor supplying the key to the joke (?). Mr. Henley is as staunch a Tory as Mr. Balfour himself, and it will be of interest to note if he introduces the same managerial tactics to the *Review* that made such a success of the *National Observer*. The opportunities will hardly be the same, but we may expect much matter that will make the philistines stand agape, and one of Mr. Henley's hobbies—the all-importance of the imperial navy—will receive plenty of attention. The new editor is a critic of discernment, a poet of unusual quality, and a man of hearty hatreds, all of which will make the fortunes of the *New Review* of some moment to us.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

People Talked About.

—MR. GLADSTONE felled a tree the day before he left Hawarden for Cannes, and took a walk for further exercise. Since the operation on his eye he has enjoyed a new lease of vigor, and there is a lively animation about him that was lacking a few years ago. Apparently it is hard work that maintains his robust old age. He reads ten hours a day, and his pen is rarely idle. During the week of his departure for France the London journals were discussing the approaching publication of his concordance and prayer-book, commenting on his review of a new work on philology, and just ending their own reviews of his translation of Horace. His activity in intellectual pursuits distinct from statesmanship is such as to amaze an American political leader.

—England is slow in raising the fund to purchase Carlyle's old house in Chelsea for a public memorial. The house has degenerated with its neighborhood, and for a year past it has been vacant and uncared for. Just previous to that it was tenanted by a woman of means who made it an asylum for cats and dogs, with which she lived in such a state of uncleanness that it became a public nuisance. The house is of brick, five stories high, but very shallow, there being but two rooms on each floor. In the rear is the tiny garden where Carlyle sought refuge from the disturbing noise of street-criers and the barking of dogs. It is an object of curiosity to American tourists, who, as at Stratford-on-Avon, predominate among the visitors.

—There still lives in Philadelphia, at the age of seventy years, Frank O. Deschamps, the inventor of artificial legs. It was over fifty years ago when Mr. Deschamps, then an apprentice, was asked by his master to see what he could do for a foppish Frenchman who had lost a leg. At that time only wooden pegs were known, and the Frenchman was dissatisfied with this by no means elegant substitute. In two days young Deschamps had finished a complete model of an artificial leg, with every movement of the natural limb duplicated. His master had it patented, and it yields him a fortune. Deschamps was paid fifty cents for his invention.

—The author of so many charming stories for children, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, does not, as is supposed, live in New York proper. Her home is in the pretty suburb of Bronxville. Mrs. Wiggins's mother, Mrs. Bradbury, lives with her, and the house, a cozy, brown-shingled, many-windowed affair, is situated in a beautiful environment of rocks and trees, known as Lawrence Park. Some twenty other families likewise live in the "park," and a most delightful and informal life is led by the little community—the distinguished author, whose personality is even more charming than her writing, being the chief attraction.

—Almost at the same time with the publication of May Yohe's marriage to Lord Hope the announcement is made that the Countess Clancarty will return to the stage where, as *Belle Bilton*, she "kicked her way into a peerage." These are but two of a dozen foot-light favorites whose voices or whose agile legs have won them a coronet. Lady Clancarty is the first to return to her profession in times of *res angusta domi* to patch up her lord's decaying fortune, and in doing so she has redeemed some of her past at least.

—The reunion at Alexandria, Virginia, of the survivors of Mosby's rangers was a most successful affair. Their leader is still a dashing man, of striking personality, but his popularity in Virginia has waned since he repudiated the principles for which he had fought and sworn allegiance to General Grant. Mosby's troop was recruited from the young men of northern Virginia, and Virginia never saw a more impetuous body of cavalry.



PLACING OBSTRUCTIONS ON HICKS STREET.



THE DEAD-LINE.



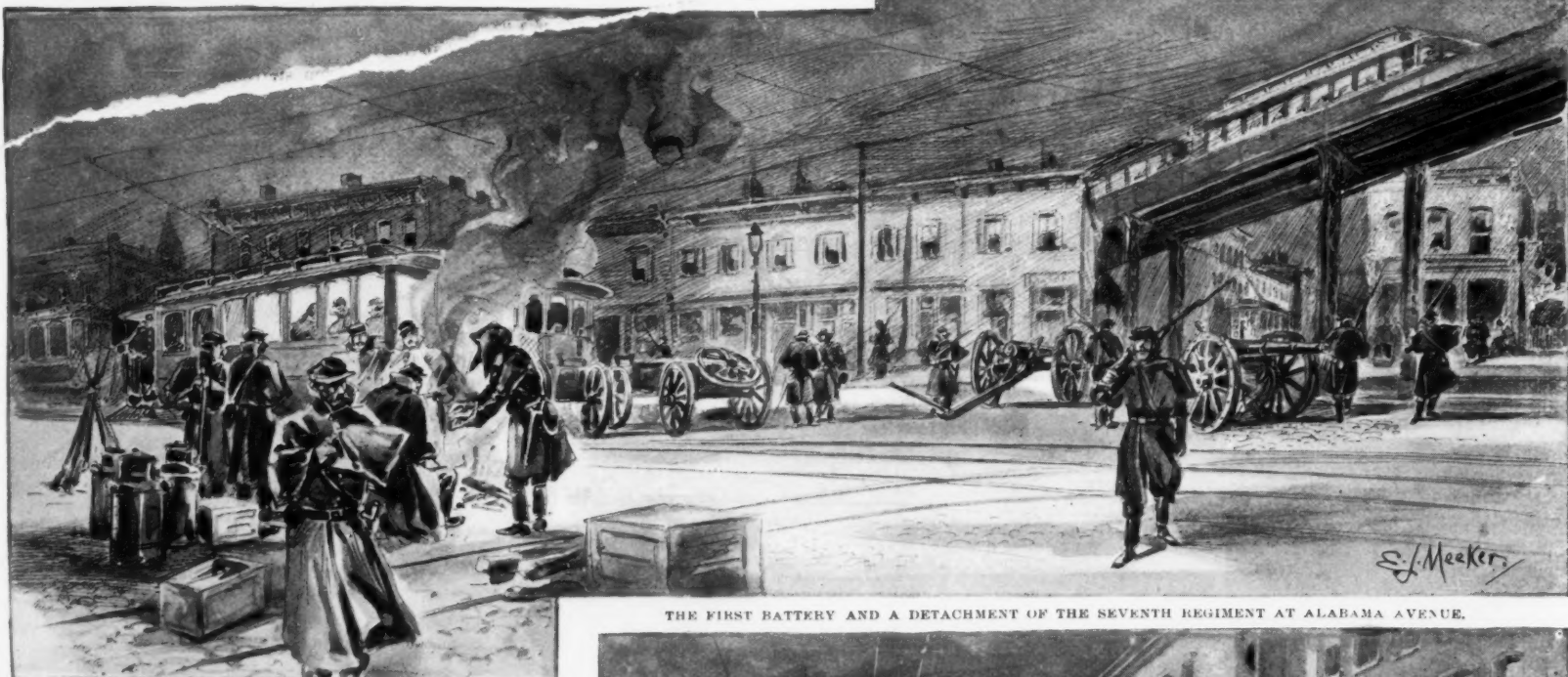
A STRIKERS' CONFERENCE.



THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, S.N.G., CLEARING HICKS STREET.



TROOP A PROTECTING LINEMEN.



THE FIRST BATTERY AND A DETACHMENT OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AT ALABAMA AVENUE.



TROOP A PATROLLING AT HEADQUARTERS, TOMPKINS AVENUE AND FULTON STREET.



GUARDS OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT REPELLING AN ATTACK AT THE HALSEY STREET BARN—TWO MEN KILLED.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

SCENES ATTENDING THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BROOKLYN DURING THE RECENT TROLLEY STRIKE.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER.



"There was Mrs. Cullingworth in her dressing-jacket with her hair down her back."

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

As written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-84.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

(Copyright, 1894, by D. Appleton & Company.)

X.
1, CADOGAN TERRACE, BIRCHESPOOL,

May 21st, 1882.



WELL, my dear old chap, things have been happening, and I must tell you all about it. Sympathy is a strange thing, for though I never see you, the mere fact that you over there in the States are keenly interested in what I am doing and thinking makes my own life very much more interesting to me. The thought of you is like a good staff in my right hand. The unexpected has happened so continually in my life that it has ceased to deserve the name. You remember that in my last I had received my dismissal, and was on the eve of starting for the little country town of Stockwell to see if there were any signs of a possible practice there. Well, in the morning, before I went down to breakfast, I was putting one or two things into a bag when there came a timid knock at my door, and there was Mrs. Cullingworth in her dressing-jacket with her hair down her back.

"Would you mind coming down and seeing James, Dr.

Munro?" said she. "He has been very strange all night, and I am afraid that he is ill."

Down I went, and found Cullingworth looking rather red in the face and a trifle wild about the eyes. He was sitting up in bed, with the neck of his night-gown open and an acute angle of hairy chest exposed. He had a sheet of paper, a pencil, and a clinical thermometer upon the counterpane in front of him.

"Deuced interesting thing, Munro," said he. "Come and look at this temperature chart. I've been taking it every quarter of an hour, since I couldn't sleep, and it's up and down till it looks like the mountains in the geography books. We'll have some drugs in—eh, what, Munro?—and, by Crums! we'll revolutionize all their ideas about febrifuges. I'll write a pamphlet from personal experiment that will make all their books clean out of date, and they'll have to tear them up and wrap sandwiches in them."

He was talking in the rapid, slurring way of a man who has trouble coming. I looked at his chart and saw that he was over one hundred and two degrees. His pulse rub-a-dubbed under my fingers, and his skin sent a glow into my hand.

"Any symptoms?" I asked, sitting down on the side of his bed.

"Tongue like a nutmeg-grater," said he, thrusting it out. "Frontal headache, renal pains, no appetite, and a mouse nibbling inside my left elbow. That's as far as we've got, at present."

"I'll tell you what it is, Cullingworth," said I. "You have a touch of rheumatic fever, and you will have to lie by for a bit."

"Lie by be hanged!" he cried. "I've got a hundred people to see to-day. My boy, I must be down there if I have the rattle in my throat. I didn't build up a practice to have it ruined by a few ounces of lactic acid."

"James, dear, you can easily build up another one," said his wife, in her cooing voice. "You must do what Dr. Munro tells you."

"Well," said I, "you'll want looking after, and your practice will want looking after, and I am quite ready to do both. But I won't take the responsibility unless you give me your word that you will do what you are told."

"If I'm to have any doctoring it must come from you, lad-die," he said; "for if I was to turn my toes up in the public square there's not a man here who would do more than sign my certificate. By Crums! they might get the salts and oxalic acid mixed up if they came to treat me, for there's no love lost between us. But I want to go down to the practice all the same."

"It's out of the question. You know the sequel of this complaint. You'll have endocarditis, embolism, thrombosis, metastatic abscesses—you know the danger as well as I do."

He sank back into his bed, laughing.

"I take my complaints one at a time, thank you," said he.

* Commenced in the issue of December 13th.

"I wouldn't be so greedy as to have all those,—eh, Munro, what?—when many another poor devil hasn't got an ache to his back." The four posts of his bed quivered with his laughter. "Do what you like, laddie; but I say, mind, if anything should happen, no tomfoolery over my grave. If you put so much as a stone there, by Crums! Munro, I'll come back in the dead of the night and plant it on the pit of your stomach."

Well, nearly three weeks passed before he could set his foot to the ground again. He wasn't such a bad patient, after all, but he rather complicated my treatment by getting in all sorts of phials and powders, and trying experiments upon his own symptoms. It was impossible to keep him quiet, and our only means of retaining him in bed was to allow him all the work that he could do there. He wrote copiously, built up models of his patent screen, and banged off pistols at his magnetic target, which he had rigged up on the mantel-piece. Nature has given him a constitution of steel, however, and he shook off his malady more quickly and more thoroughly than the most docile of sufferers.

In the meantime Mrs. Cullingworth and I ran the practice together. As a substitute for him I was a dreadful failure. They would not believe in me in the least. I felt that I was as flat as water after champagne. I could not address them from the stairs, nor push them about, nor prophesy to the anæmic women. I was much too solemn and demure after what they had been accustomed to. However, I held the thing together as best I could, and I don't think that he found the practice much the worse when he was able to take it over. I could not descend to what I thought was unprofessional, but I did my very best to keep the wheels turning.

Well, I know that I am a shocking bad storyteller, but I just try to get things as near the truth as I can manage it. If I only knew how to color it up I could make some of this better reading. I can get along when I am on one line, but it is when I have to bring in a second line of events that I understand what C. means when he says that I will never be able to keep myself in nibs by what I earn at literature.

The second line is this: that I had written to my mother on the same night that I wrote to you last, telling her that there need no longer be a shadow of disagreement between us, because everything was arranged, and I was going to leave Cullingworth at once. Then, within a couple of posts, I had to write again and announce that my departure was indefinitely postponed, and that I was actually doing his whole practice. Well, the dear old lady was very angry. I don't suppose she quite understood how temporary the necessity was, and how impossible it would have been to leave Cullingworth in the lurch. She was silent for nearly three weeks, and then she wrote a very stinging letter (and she handles her adjectives very deftly when she likes). She went so far as to say that Cullingworth was a "bankrupt swindler," and that I had dragged the family honor in the dirt by my prolonged association with him. This letter came on the morning of the very last day that my patient was confined to the house. When I returned from work I found him sitting in his dressing-gown down-stairs. His wife, who had driven home, was beside him. To my surprise, when I congratulated him on being fit for work again, his manner (which had been most genial during his illness) was as ungracious as ever it had been before our last explanation. His wife, too, seemed to avoid my eye, and cocked her chin at me when she spoke.

"Yes, I'll take it over to-morrow," said he. "What do I owe you for looking after it?"

"Oh, it was all in the day's work," said I.

"Thank you, I had rather have strict business," he answered. "You know where you are, then, but a favor is a thing with no end to it. What d'you put it at?"

"I never thought about it in that light."

"Well, think about it now. A locum would have cost me four guineas a week. Four fours sixteen. Make it twenty. Well, I promised to allow you a pound a week, and you were to pay it back. I'll put twenty pounds to your credit account, and you'll have it every week as sure as Saturday."

"Thank you," said I. "If you are so anxious to make a business matter of it you can arrange it so." I could not make out, and cannot make out now, what had happened to freeze them up so, but I supposed that they had been talking it over and came to the conclusion that I was settling down too much upon the old lines, and that they must remind me that I was under orders to quit. They might have done it with more tact.

Well, to cut a long story short, on the very day that Cullingworth was able to resume his work I started off for Stockwell, taking with me only a bag, for it was merely a prospecting expedition, and I intended to return for my luggage if I saw reason for hope. Alas! there was

not the faintest. The sight of the place would have damped the most sanguine man that ever lived. It is one of those picturesque little English towns with a history and little else. A Roman trench and a Norman keep are its principal products. But to me the most amazing thing about it was the cloud of doctors which had settled upon it. A double row of brass plates flanked the principal street. Where their patients came from I could not imagine, unless they practiced upon each other. The host of the "Bull," where I had my modest lunch, explained the mystery to some extent by saying that as there was pure country with hardly a hamlet for nearly twelve miles in every direction, it was in these scattered farm-houses that the Stockwell doctors found their patients. As I chatted with him a middle-aged, dusty-booted man trudged up the street. "There's Dr. Adam," said he. "He's only a new-comer, but they say that some o' these days he'll be starting his carriage." "What do you mean by a new-comer?" I asked. "Oh, he's scarce been here ten years," said the landlord. "Thank you," said I. "Can you tell me when the next train leaves for Bradford?" So back I came, rather heavy at heart, and having spent ten or twelve shillings, which I could ill afford. My fruitless journey seemed a small thing, however, when I thought of the rising Stockwellite with his ten years and his dusty boots. I can trudge along a path, however rough, if it will but lead to something, but may kindly Fate keep me out of all *cul-de-sacs*.

The Cullingworths did not receive me cordially upon my return. There was a singular look upon both their faces which seemed to me to mean that they were disappointed at this hitch in getting rid of me. When I think of their absolute geniality a few days ago, and their markedly reserved manner now, I can make no sense out of it. I asked Cullingworth point blank what it meant, but he only turned it off with a forced laugh and some nonsense about my thin skin. I think that I am the last man in the world to take offense where none is meant, but at any rate, I determined to end the matter by leaving Bradford at once. It had struck me, during my journey back from Stockwell that Birchespool would be a good place, so on the very next day I started off, taking my luggage with me, and bidding a final good-bye to Cullingworth and his wife.

"You rely upon me, laddie," said C., with something of his old geniality, as we shook hands on parting. "You get a good house in a central position, put up your plate, and hold on by your toe-nails. Charge little or nothing until you get a connection—and none of your professional haw-dammy or you are a broken man. I'll see that you don't stop steaming for want of coal."

So with that comforting assurance I left them on the platform of the Bradford station. The words seem kind, do they not, and yet taking this money jars every nerve in my body. When I find that I can live on bread-and-water without it I will have no more of it. But to do without it now would be for the man who cannot swim to throw off his life-belt.

I had plenty of time on my way to Birchespool to reflect upon my prospects and present situation. My luggage consisted of a large brass plate, a small leather trunk, and a hat-box. The plate with my name engraved upon it was balanced upon the rack above my head. In my box were a stethoscope, several medical books, a second pair of boots, two suits of clothes, my linen, and my toilet things. With this, and five pounds eighteen shillings which remained in my purse, I was sallying out to clear standing-room and win the right to live from my fellow-men. But at least there was some chance of permanency about this, and if there was the promise of poverty and hardship there was also that of freedom. I should have no Lady Saltire to toss up her chin because I had my own view of things; no Cullingworth to fly out at me about nothing. I would be my own—my very own. I capered up and down the carriage at the thought. After all, I had everything to gain and nothing in the whole wide world to lose. And I had youth and strength and energy, and the whole science of medicine packed in between my two ears. I felt as exultant as though I were but going to take over some practice which lay ready for me.

It was about four in the afternoon when I reached Birchespool, which is fifty-three miles by rail from Bradford. It may be merely a name to you, and, indeed, until I set foot in it I knew nothing of it myself, but I can tell you now that it has a population of a hundred and thirty thousand souls (about the same as Bradford), that it is mildly manufacturing, that it is within an hour's journey of the sea, that it has an aristocratic western suburb with a mineral well and a sprinkling of well-to-do people, and that the country round is exceedingly beautiful. It is small enough to have a character of its own, and large enough for solitude, which is always the great charm of a city, after the offensive publicity of the country.

When I turned out with my brass plate, my trunk, and my hat-box upon the Birchespool platform, I sat down and wondered what my first move should be. Every penny was going to be of the most vital importance to me, and I must plan things within the compass of that tiny purse. As I sat pondering there came a sight of interest, for I heard a burst of cheering with the blare of a band upon the other side of the station, and then the pioneers and leading files of a regiment came swinging on to the platform. They wore white sun-hats and were leaving for Malta, in anticipation of war in Egypt. They were young soldiers—English by the white facings—with a colonel whose mustache reached his shoulders, and a number of fresh-faced, long-legged subalterns. I chiefly remember one of the color-sergeants, a man of immense size and ferocious face, who leaned upon his Martini, with two little white kittens peeping over either shoulder from the flaps of his knapsack. I was so moved at the sight of these youngsters going out to do their best for the dear old country, that I sprang up on my box, took off my hat, and gave them three cheers. At the first the folk on my side looked at me in their bovine fashion, like a row of cows over a wall; at the second a good many joined; and at the third my own voice was entirely lost. So I turned to go my way, and the soldier laddies to go theirs, and I wondered which of us had the stiffest and longest fight before us.

I left my luggage at the office and jumped into a tram-car which was passing the station, with the intention of looking for lodgings, as I judged that they would be cheaper than a hotel. The conductor interested himself in my wants in that personal way which makes me think that the poorer classes in England are one of the kindest races on earth. Policemen, postmen, railway-guards, busmen—what good, helpful fellows they all are! This one reckoned the whole thing out—how this street was central but dear, and the other was out-of-the-way but cheap, and finally dropped me at a medium shabby-genteel kind of thoroughfare called Cadogan Terrace, with instructions that I was to go down there and see how I liked it.

I could not complain of a limited selection, for a "To Let" or "Apartments" was peeping out of every second window. I went into the first attractive one that I saw, and interviewed the rather obtuse and grasping old lady who owned them. A sitting-bedroom was to be had for thirteen shillings a week. As I had never hired rooms before I had no idea whether this was cheap or dear, but I conclude it was the latter, since, on my raising my eyebrows as an experiment, she instantly came down to ten shillings and sixpence. I tried another look and an exclamation of astonishment, but as she stood firm I gathered that I had touched the bottom.

"Your rooms are quite clean?" I asked, for there was a wooden paneling which suggested possibilities.

"Quite clean, sir."

"No vermin?"

"The officers of the garrison come sometimes."

This took some thinking out. It had an ugly sound, but I gathered that she meant that there could be no question about the cleanliness, since these gentlemen were satisfied. So the bargain was struck, and I ordered tea to be ready in an hour, while I went back to the station to fetch up my luggage. A porter brought it up for eightpence (saving fourpence on a cab, my boy), and so I found myself in the heart of Birchespool, with a base of operations secured. I looked out of the little window of my lodgings at the reeking pots and gray, sloping roofs with a spire or two spurring up among them, and I shook my teaspoon defiantly at them. "You've got to conquer me," said I, "or else I'm man enough to conquer you."

Now you would hardly expect that a fellow would have an adventure on his very first night in a strange town, but I had—a trivial one, it is true, but fairly exciting while it lasted. Certainly it reads more like what might happen to a man in a book, but you may take it from me that it worked out just as I set it down here.

When I had finished my tea I wrote a few letters—one to Cullingworth and one to Horton. Then, as it was a lovely evening, I determined to stroll out and see what sort of a place it was upon which Fate had washed me up. "Best begin as you mean to go on," thought I, so I donned my frock-coat, put on my carefully-brushed top-hat, and sallied forth with my very respectable metal-headed walking-stick in my hand.

Well, I walked down to the park, which is the chief centre of the place, and I found that I liked everything I saw of it. It was a lovely evening, and the air was fresh and sweet. I sat down and listened to the band for an hour, watching all the family parties and feeling particularly lonely. Music nearly always puts me into the minor key, so there came a time when I could stand it no longer, and I set off to find my way back to my lodgings. On the whole I

felt that Birchespool was a place in which a man might very well spend a happy life.

At the end of Cadogan Terrace (where I am lodging) there is a wide, open space, where several streets meet. In the centre of this stands a very large lamp in the middle of a broad stone pedestal, a foot or so high and ten or twelve across. Well, as I strolled along I saw there was something going on round this lamp-post. A crowd of people had gathered with a swirl in the centre. I was, of course, absolutely determined not to get mixed up in any row, but I could not help pushing my way through the crowd to see what was the matter.

(To be continued.)

The Prompter's Call.

Upon life's mighty stage to-day
I have my little part to play;
I have to speak the single line
Which is the task the gods assign
To me—who craves a higher thing:
To play the hero or the king

At early morning, when I wake
I hear the prompter's call and take
My burden up of life again,
To smile at grief or gladness feign.
An audience of angels, pale
And dimly seen, forbids me fail!

And when above the sleeping town
Night lets her star-sewn curtain down
I sit upon the stage alone
And wish the lights and players on!
For well I know the tragedy
Must be played by them and me.

I wish that I had played my part;
That I could still my beating heart—
That tireless engine of the breast
That madly beats me back from rest.
A worn-out actor—yet to-day
I have my puny part to play!

FLORENCE MAY ALT.

Sending Gold Abroad.

THE recent rush of gold to Europe directs attention to the way in which it is shipped abroad. There is a general notion that when a shipper wishes a consignment of gold he goes direct to the sub-treasury. Not so; the sub-treasury is not an exchange office for taking securities or legal tender and giving gold in return. It is simply a place where the government keeps its supply for the payment of its legal obligations, and if gold certificates are proffered gold coin may be had in return. But it is as a member of the associated banks, doing business through the clearing house, that the sub-treasury sends out most of its gold to the bankers or shippers. The associated banks have a store-house of their own for the deposit of gold. They all use the great vaults of the Bank of North America, which issues certificates of deposit for the amount of gold deposited.

In order to care properly for this enormous treasure the bank has a separate room for the packing of the gold—a sort of cooper shop and a place for making canvas bags. The specie kegs are extra stout and strong, with more than the usual number of iron bands about them. The bags are made of heavy canvas and strongly sewed. Each one holds five thousand dollars in gold coin, and ten of these bags fill a keg. After the cooper has securely fastened the head in the keg four holes are bored through the ends of the staves above the head and bottom of the keg, red tape is run through and the ends brought together at the centre of the head, where they are sealed by a big batch of wax, bearing the seal of the shipper. All this is done under the eye and the supervision of a representative of the shipper who has received the gold order from Europe, and upon whose order the shipment is being made.

The fifty-thousand-dollar kegs are now rolled out to the sidewalk and put on low, heavy trucks. Sometimes a truck will carry twenty kegs or one million dollars. The treasure is guarded by men heavily armed, who accompany the trucks to the steamer, where the gold is delivered as other freight, so many kegs, contents said to be so-and-so. If the shipment be a heavy one, say two million dollars, it may be carried by two or three steamers, on the theory of not having too many eggs in one basket. Some shippers do not insure at all; those who do, pay at the rate of about fifteen hundred dollars on a million.

There is a room in all of the large ocean liners set apart for the storing of gold. This little chamber during the voyage is closely watched by the purser, who is responsible for its contents. As soon as the steamer arrives on the other side the gold is the first portion of the cargo to be delivered. There is usually some loss from abrasion, but this is reduced to a minimum when bars instead of bags of coin are packed in sawdust. Finally, all this lugging back and forth of gold across the Atlantic could be avoided if the foreign hoarders of gold would be satisfied with our yellow-backed bits of paper rather than the gold they represent, or if the "trade balances," as the expression goes, were not against us.

THE BOWERY LODGING-HOUSES.

A CHANCE visitor to a Bowery jewelry store remarked to the salesman: "The Bowery is not what it used to be. There is very little going on here now."

"You are greatly mistaken, sir," was the reply.

The salesman's judgment was promptly confirmed. In the next half-hour or so a woman tried to pawn her wedding-ring, Steve Brodie came in to look at some jewelry for his wife, a drunken sailor bought a watch and a pair of spectacles, and a man dropped dead on the street corner.

New aspects and conditions may make the Bowery seem changed to the veteran New-Yorker who knew it in the days when the volunteer firemen ran with the machine and men and things were alike of the tough, toughy, but varying tides, illustrating the queerest phases of our cosmopolitan life, still ebb and flow to bewilder the stranger and hold the passing glance of the initiated.

This is true of nothing more than of the lodging-houses. Like the rest, they have changed somewhat as competition has forced their owners into new methods suited to the requirements of the time. The "dive" lodging-house is not the rule as formerly. There still remain places where the drunken wayfarer is regarded as legitimate prey, and brawls occur continually; but the newer houses have done much to put an end to this, and secure to their patrons the most decent accommodations possible for the small sum charged.

One pays for a night's lodging on the Bowery ten to fifteen cents for a cot, and for a room, all the way from the last-named price up to half a dollar. But fifteen cents for a cot and twenty-five for a room is the average price.

The return for that outlay is surprisingly large. There is one place which may be cited as typical of the better fifteen-cent houses, where the payment of that amount entitles one to a cot-bed in a large, well-heated floor, patrolled by a watchman, a locker in which to stow away clothes, a bath in hot or cold water, writing-paper and envelopes, and the use of the daily papers in the reading-room.

Naturally you will not find there the prim neatness of an old-time Dutch parlor. Two or three towels are regarded as sufficient for the ablutions of a dozen men, and it is a toss of a copper what "bum" occupied the bed last. Nor does the house stamp its crest upon its paper, though it marks the bed-clothing to prevent possible appropriation. Leaving out of consideration these minor details, the directions of the Board of Health are strictly adhered to, soap and water applied with great liberality, and a man not over-fastidious can sleep there with a fair degree of comfort.

The regulations in force at that house are instructive as illustrating what the well-managed houses both do for and exact from their patrons. For instance, smoking is allowed in the reading-room only. Every morning the "want" advertisements are cut out of the papers and pasted on the bulletin-board, so that the *varra avis* disposed to work can inspect the lists of positions offered without interfering with his neighbor's perusal of the reading-matter. "Drunks" are unceremoniously ejected. That is, with a slight reservation due to the peculiar conditions. A man woefully intoxicated on Broadway might be considered only a little "full" on the Bowery. But they stand no nonsense from a man so far gone as to be unable to take another drink, or disposed to be quarrelsome with his fellows. Particularly dirty characters are reported by the watchmen to the management, which gives them the choice between taking a bath and staying away from the house.

The twenty-five-cent places provide their lodgers with a small room, roughly constructed with board partitions, and containing a fair-looking bed and a locker for clothes. A Saratoga trunk in such a room would probably displace both bed and locker, and drive the occupant to perch himself on the partition, but it is not on record that any one has ever offended social prejudices on the Bowery by bringing that article into a lodging-house. The patronage of these houses is, however, a marked improvement upon that of their lower-priced neighbors, and the lodgers enjoy superior heating and lighting advantages.

Strange to say, the hard times have had the greatest effect upon the cheap lodging-houses. The managers say that a man must be driven to sore straits before he gives up the privacy of a room, however small or mean it may be, while the "bums" have no hesitation in spending for drink the few cents that would entitle them to a bed, and relying for shelter upon the missions and other charitable organizations. Allowing for the personal interest of the lodging-house keepers in the matter, it is a fact

worth noting in the history of the present depression, that these men agree, with singular unanimity and dispassionateness, that the numerous enterprises conducted by the charitable people of the city are of comparatively little assistance to the deserving poor, and at the mercy of the oily-tongued rascals who can whine forth the most moving tales of ill-fortune and distress.

For the occupants of the Bowery lodging-houses are a cunning lot. Here and there may be a workman, who can afford better accommodations, but lives thus because his work requires him to be out at odd times, and the watchman in the house will call him at any hour of the day or night; and there are other cases, sadly frequent now, where lack of employment renders the cheapest lodgings an absolute necessity; but with these exceptions there remain only two sets of people—the "bums" who won't work and the shady characters who get their living in all sorts of crooked ways.

The species "bum," or tramp, needs no special comment. He may be a trifle dirtier or more ragged than we meet him elsewhere—that may be left to the judgment of those who have studied the problem of city streets and country roads as contrasted in the development of the tramp; he invariably has seen better days, and is stricken with aphasia when he tries to ask for work.

The shady characters live in the lodging-houses for many reasons. The most important is that they can go their way unquestioned. Nobody cares whether his neighbor gets his money in a dishonest fashion, or does not get any at all. Personalities are avoided by tacit consent. Then, too, the house is a good place in which to lie undisturbed and plan new methods in knavery. For, say those who know them best, think of every trick and wile that ingenuity can suggest; of every "bunco" and confidence game that swindler ever planned, and it is odds that it originated among or is known to the sharp, unscrupulous wits of the Bowery lodging-houses.

"Queer characters!" said a lodging-house keeper of long experience in the business. "Why, bless you, I have been among these people for fifteen years, and I have still got to keep my eyes wide open lest they take my money, and goodness knows they have got enough of it already. There was one fellow, though, that used to come in here, who certainly beat them all. He walked up to the window one night and said to me: 'Cap, I'm tired of living in this country. I think I'll go abroad.' 'Got any money?' said I. 'No; but I'll get it.' In a day or two he brought me a pound and asked me to save it for him. Next he gave me a ticket for second-class passage to Liverpool. 'Where did you get the money for these things?' I asked. 'Oh,' said he, very matter-of-fact, 'I am a Scotchman, you know, by birth, and they are the most clannish people in the world. I just "worked" a big Scotch merchant in this city.' Soon after he showed me a passport and a peddler's license made out in his name. 'What do you want these things for?' I asked. 'Well,' he answered, 'when I'm abroad I intend to live on the fat of the land. The best people to tackle are American tourists. And if, with these credentials proving residence and occupation here, and a yarn about being dead-broke and stranded in a foreign land, I can't work my way smoothly, why, I ought not to be on earth.' With that he walked out, and I've never seen him since, but, knowing the fellow as I do, I have no doubt that he is to-day carrying out his boast at the expense of rich Americans traveling abroad."

The lodging-houses are not inviting places to visit at best, and they are particularly gloomy in the present season, when the cold and early-gathering darkness drive the crowd off the avenue for all but a few hours. The thinly-clad vagrants come shivering into the reading-room and warm their wretched bodies at the red-hot stove. Some play games with battered cards and checkers; others sit apart moodily, the discontented expression on their faces matching darkly the raggedness of their clothing. The air is heavy with tobacco-smoke and foul odors.

Those who have money waste little time in getting up-stairs to bed, where the long, dreary floors are lighted only by an occasional flickering gas-jet, and the clothes-lockers look like coffins stood up on end, the monotonous lead or drab color of the wood-work shrouding everything in gloom. The blazing stove is the only relieving touch in the scene.

Those who have no money stay in the reading-room until the patience of the manager is exhausted, and then slouch out again into the streets. Lodging-houses are strictly business ventures.

ISAAC MOSS.

Bismarck in Old Age.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

"I MADE a trip from Berlin to Varzin," so an old comrade of mine writes me, "with the special purpose to learn or, if in any way possible, to see how 'the old one in the Pachtenswald' bears the demise of his wife, to whom he clung with all the fibres of his heart. I was just in time. The provisional depositing of the remains of the princess was to take place the next morning. I therefore proceeded early next day to the castle, but could only get up to the railings by which the castle—*Schloss*—is surrounded. From there I was enabled to witness quite plainly the small procession which conveyed the coffin from the castle to the temporary mausoleum. The helplessness of old age excites always sympathy and condolence, but the appearance of Prince Bismarck as, supported by his daughter, the Countess von Rantzau, he walked behind the coffin of his wife, was indeed for me—who had known the 'Iron Chancellor' in his best days—heart-rending. That was not any longer the gallant hero in whom we—coming to Rheims—recognized and cheered the most worthy representative of genuine manly strength and noble dignity of man. Weariness, sadness, hopelessness had settled upon his face, and it seemed as if the broken frame could not carry any longer the heavy, mighty head, which gave birth to the German empire, and which brought to maturity plans of incomparable importance. The head of the mourner was dropped forward, and seemed almost lifeless."

"That was not any longer the man who, scarcely twenty years ago, the 25th of February, 1871, was almost driven to desperation by the drowsiness of the venerable Thiers, with whom he had to negotiate, and whom he complainingly called 'old'—that was a ruin," etc.

That letter, which grieved me deeply, for I stood once relatively near to the "Iron Chancellor," and cherish immutable veneration and gratitude for him, called back to my mind an episode which occurred in the beginning of the Franco-German war, and which shows the chancellor in the prime of his years—discussing at once his frailties and his greatness and humanity.

It was a few days after the French had been driven out again from St. Johann-Saarbrücken, which they had taken and occupied for about twenty-four hours, when Bismarck came to that place and was lodged at the house of the great mine king, Herr Humm.

The French were not yet very far away, and the first counselor of the King of Prussia had every reason to take good care of his personal safety. Bismarck had worked very late, and when he went to bed at about one o'clock at night he gave distinct orders to the two valets he had taken with him from Berlin to watch and not to let anybody enter his bedroom. From the lower part of the town the rejoicing of the soldiery, which celebrated the first victory, could be heard, and it was quite intelligible that the two guards of Bismarck should feel the desire to have their share of the joy and the Moselle wine which flowed plentifully.

As soon as they knew that the mighty man was snoring they went off to the lower town, in spite of their master's order and the warnings of Herr Humm. They were not gone very long when an orderly from headquarters with a dispatch from the King for the chancellor came. Herr Humm tried in vain to induce the orderly to wait for the return of the valets. The faithful soldier pushed Herr Humm aside, knocked at the door and entered, without waiting for the call, "Come in." Bismarck was fast asleep, and all the hemming, coughing, and calling the orderly did was useless. Determined at last, the warrior stepped to the large bed in which Bismarck lay, removed the curtain, grasped the shoulder of the snoring chancellor, and awakened him with a firm hand.

Bismarck jumped up like an irritated lion. "Who let you in here?" he cried, wild with rage. "Let me in?" the warrior answered. "Nobody let me in; there was no one who could have prevented my bringing to your excellency that dispatch here." "What! nobody there?" exclaimed the chancellor, violently. "Where are those two scoundrels?—my valets, I mean." And when Herr Humm, whom he had called in, told him that his valets had gone to the lower town to get some fresh air he gave orders that they should be taken by a military watch, chained, and shot before sunrise. Then he sent off the orderly, and in a few minutes was fast asleep again.

When Bismarck, after a sound and healthy sleep, awoke next morning, his first act was to call "Frederick," and as Frederick did not respond he called "Franz." But when Franz also failed to appear he rang the bell with all his might. Soon Herr Humm entered the bedrooms. "Say, Herr Humm," said Bismarck, addressing the latter, "could you tell me where those lubbers (my valets, I mean) are? I am unable to dress myself."

"Your valets, excellency?" replied Herr Humm. "I guess they are in heaven by this time. Your excellency ordered them to be shot before sunrise. They were caught about three o'clock and must be shot now, I reckon."

"No, Humm," said Bismarck, smiling, "the Prussians don't shoot as quick as that—at least not at their own countrymen and for a glass of Moselle. It is true, somebody else could have entered here. But those fellows are still young and inconsiderate, and may have thought me safe in your house. Do me the favor, send down to the watch and let them fetch the two fellows."

Soon the valets came with long, frightened faces. Bismarck's anger had entirely disappeared, and he could not help laughing when he saw the sheepish faces of his valets. "I will indeed have you shot the next time, you loafers," he said; "but now quick, I think we will have to depart soon."

That was the last of it, at least for then. But when, in after years, the "Old Iron" himself, in Varzin or Friedrichsruh, went on a little spree, which sometimes happened when he was visiting his neighbors, the Princess would raise her forefinger and laughingly threaten him: "Otto, I will have you chained and shot before sunrise the next time!" Then he laughed too, promised never to do it again, and always kept his word until—the next time.

Now the old German oak, under which the Germans lived happy and prosperous for many years, is broken, and who knows how soon Germany may mourn at the hearse of her best son?

DR. EMIL DORN.

Story of Prince Eitel Fritz.

ALMOST all American children have seen pictures of the little German princes, sons of the German Emperor, bright-faced little fellows who, in their play-hours, have jolly good times in true boy fashion, though the rules for their education are very strict.

The second son, little Eitel Fritz, now about eleven years old—he was born on the 7th of July, 1883—is a gentle little fellow, and rather timid in disposition, so that his father sometimes used to call him in fun "the Princess." When he was six and the Crown Prince seven, their father thought it would make them more manly to sleep in a room alone.

Neither of the boys liked the change, but Eitel Fritz was particularly unwilling to obey, and said he was sure he shouldn't be able to sleep at all, he would be so frightened. But the boys were told that some one would sleep in the rooms next to theirs, and they need only call if anything disturbed them.

So they were persuaded to try the new arrangement, and the Crown Prince soon fell asleep. But after Prince Eitel Fritz had said "Good-night" he began to grow very restless and timid in the big, high room, and finally began to cry, at first softly, then louder and louder, till he screamed with all his strength in true child fashion.

Unluckily the lady in charge of him had just left the next room for a short time, and the shrieks of the frightened little Prince died away unheard. So he probably thought that his attendants had merely tried to soothe him by promises and really left him without protection, and, jumping from his bed, he ran out of the room screaming for help.

Just at that moment the lady came back and soon succeeded in soothing him. But this story shows that little princes are very much like other children all the world over, and have their troubles and trials, even if they do live in palaces and have soldiers present arms to them.

MARY J. SAFFORD.

The Butte City Disaster.

WE give elsewhere an illustration of the great disaster which occurred at Butte City, Montana, on the 15th of January, when several tons of powder stored in cars and warehouses at the Montana Central Railway yards exploded, carrying consternation and death in all directions. The explosions, three in all, broke nearly every window within a radius of two miles and shattered many buildings, at the same time killing men and horses, and converting the fire-engines which had hurried to the scene at the first alarm, into masses of twisted and discolored material. Indeed, so severe was the shock that the city fire department was practically annihilated, but two of its members escaping death. In all, some fifty persons were killed, and nearly as many more suffered more or less serious injuries. Some of the latter received their hurts from falling articles half a mile away from the shattered buildings. The scene after the explosion was indescribable. Where once the warehouses, freight depots, and other buildings had stood, nothing remained but the charred ground strewn with mangled corpses, with here and there a small pile of smouldering debris. The property loss is stated at one million of dollars. Our picture shows the scene as it appeared the day after the calamity.



While heavy falls of snow in this city are comparatively infrequent such visitations are invariably enjoyed to the uttermost. At such times the up-town avenues and drives are thronged with sleighs, and the Russian, including the Russian, has contributed to give peculiar picture-queeness to the scene.

NEW YORK CITY IN WINTER—SLEIGHING ON WASHINGTON STREET



are thronged with pleasure-seekers, and spectacles of gayety are presented which rival those of any more northerly city. The introduction in recent years of a great variety of novelties in sleighs, pictures-que to these scenes. One such scene is depicted in our illustration.

NG ON WASHINGTON BRIDGE.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.

CHINESE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

In no section of this country did the Chinese Exclusion act entail such hardship upon the almond-eyed residents of the United States as it did along the Rio Grande in Texas. In the revenue district of the Rio Grande there were, previous to last June, about one thousand Chinamen. El Paso, the main port of entry from Mexico, claimed seven hundred and fifty of these, and San Antonio, an inland city, one hundred and ten. The rest are scattered about, three or four in each little town in the district. It was found by the revenue officers that not over four hundred of these were entitled to remain in the United States, and the other six hundred were deported, either to China or to Mexico, if they came to this country from that republic.

El Paso was allotted 10,338 inhabitants by the census of 1890, and the business interests of the city are nearly entirely dependent upon the transfer of goods from or into Mexican territory. Two wagon bridges and one railroad bridge connect American with Mexican soil, and at times the Rio Grande is so low that it can be crossed almost dry-shod. Railroads reach to the north, east, west, and south, affording quick and easy transit in any direction, so that it is an ideal smuggling point. Notwithstanding the sleepless vigilance of the revenue officers, the smuggling trade assumes formidable proportions, and it is largely due to this fact that the Chinese element forms so large a proportion of the population.

The Chinaman is an expert smuggler, and devotes his energies to transferring opium, tobacco, silks, Mexican embroidery and drawn-work, on all of which articles there is a heavy tariff, from Mexican to United States soil without paying duty thereon. The most profitable article for smuggling has been in the past the Chinaman himself, and it was to prevent the wholesale importation of this class of goods that Congress made the Chinese exclusion law even more severe than it was under the act of 1882. In 1896 Congress passed a law prohibiting the coming of Chinese laborers into the United States for a period of ten years, and provided a penalty for bringing them in. In this act a provision was made for certificates of identification for those already here, which entitled them to come and go. This act was easily evaded at El Paso, and doubtless elsewhere, for John would show up one day in queue, long shirt, and wooden shoes and receive his certificate as "Hong," and the next day the same mild-looking Oriental would put in an appearance dressed "allice samee Melican man" and receive his certificate as "Hing." One of these certificates was naturally for sale, and the price they brought ran at times as high as two hundred dollars.

Across the river from El Paso is the Mexican city of El Juarez. There are many Chinamen there as well, who act as confederates of their countrymen across the river. Chief among them is "Doc" Sing, who is rated commercially at about one hundred thousand dollars. "Doc" is king among them, and with fertile and cunning brain he has engineered many a scheme whereby the revenues were none the richer, or whereby the population of the United States

that comes up for settlement among themselves or in the relations of the Chinese to the Americans is referred to them.

In October, 1888, an act of Congress went into effect abolishing the certificate of identification. This cut off a great source of revenue, and the importation of Chinamen became simply a question of out-and-out smuggling. In 1892 the exclusion law was extended to 1902. This new law also provided that to remain in the United States a Chinaman must obtain a certificate showing that he was here in 1882. On these certificates are photographs of their holders, and the certificates cannot be obtained without the testimony of a reputable white man to the effect that the statements made by the Chinaman are correct.

In the registration there was great trouble at first in getting the pictures taken according to law, the regulations as to size and costume being very strict. When Wong Ming and his family were about to be registered a new diffi-



WONG MIE NOM, SON OF WONG MING.

culty arose. The women, according to their custom, had never been seen by white men, and wore heavy veils when upon the street. The agent of the government agreed to a private audience, and Wong Ming and his wife, her two sisters and his two-year-old child were duly photographed and registered. The smuggling of Chinamen has by this new law been reduced to a minimum, but the traffic in contraband goods still keeps up, owing to the vast line of thinly-guarded territory and the expertise of the smugglers.

J. D. WHELPLEY.



"Gismonda"—Sardou.

SARDOU'S art is the art of setting pictures. Compare the better-known plays of Pinero, Grundy, and Jones. These men have all produced plays containing, individually, more cleverness than in any three of Sardou's. He collects and makes pictures. He distributes them broadcast. Paris is my junk-shop; over fashiondom will I cast out my shoe.

What would the name of Sardou be without Sarah Bernhardt? She can take one of his series of pictures, give a real life to his "situations," and cut down his text until the play is a mere harness-rack for her own talents. This combination can fake the world from end to end—and, by the way, do it a good deal of harm.

But Fanny Davenport cannot advertise Sardou like this. She takes him as he is. Apparently, to her, every word is sanctified by the name of SARDOU—all in capitals. No one can be taken all in capitals. I hear that her rendering of "Gismonda" has been cut down twice. Surely this only means sand-papery. The first two acts contain nothing but recitals of fatiguing family history. If Fanny would take her little hatchet out of Zaccaria's skull and make it gory in Sardou's text she would do what Sarah has already done.

The play is a story of lust and bloodshed, without a single redeeming ray, and more absolutely without a moral than a monkey-cage. *Gismonda* appears to be in love with a sort of undertaker called Zaccaria, but she changes suddenly when the wooden gladiator at last finds words to tell his passion. They then have a disgusting and prolonged tussle in which the determined ferocity of *Almerio* is simply beastly. It quite charms the fair *Gismonda*, however, who is understood to be a "perfect lady." At the end of it she tells him in a whirl of sudden passion to "leave his door unlatched," and when she appears in the next scene, issuing at midnight from his hut, one wonders whether Anthony Comstock still exists.



MRS. HING TAN, SISTER OF MRS. WONG MING.

was increased by one Mongolian not really entitled to the protection of the stars and stripes. Wong Ming is his chief lieutenant, and is a resident of El Paso, where he ranks high as a business man. Wong Ming has lived in the United States about seventeen years, and is one of the few Chinamen who have families to share the freedom of this country with them, and he lives a retired and domestic life. These two Chinamen are the authorities in the Rio Grande country among their own people, and everything

Many unobtrusive people who are neither Sunday-sermon editors nor self-appointed guardians of morals must be asking why this thing can be allowed to appear in all its original baldness, without even the refinement of suggestion—why, when *Gismonda* boasts of her dishonor during Mass and before the altar in a church, not one critic has taken exception. These captious ones who seem so happy in slating plays which contain a most real and profound moral, why have they, one and all, ignored the unredeemed filthiness of "Gismonda"? What magic lies in Sardou's name that he may publicly exhibit and reward unbridled vice and still be praised? There are plays and books which descend into the low grades of human life and either show a gradual evolution to better conditions, or, at least, that the wages of sin is death. But with Sardou the wages of sin is the blessing of holy church and the living happy ever after.

In one of the comic papers a child lately asked her society mamma if it be wicked to say "Damn." Society maternity replied, "It is worse than wicked, my dear; it is vulgar!"

The pay-roll in this company must be a light one. The play provides an enjoyable return to one's youth—to meet once again the machinal supers with high-sounding names like *Duke Jacques Crispo Della Tacca*. In the badly-behaved school-boy days an apple-core was considered to be a sort of term of reproach, and we would then have been glad to encounter "Gismonda's" impossible nobles and that dark and stealthy undertaker, the *Comte Zaccaria Franco Acciaoli*.

STINSON JARVIS.



Changes in Harvard Crew.

REPORTS of changes in the make-up of the Harvard crew have come one upon another with great frequency of late, and it has been alleged that the college is "up in arms" at the seemingly disastrous policy. To my mind, the more changes at this time the better, particularly with a man of Coach Watson's calibre to do the changing; and rather than displeasure, renewed interest should be awakened in those who would pin their fortunes to the prowess of the crimson eight. The following is cited as a fair sample of these reported changes: "Fennessy has been placed in the second boat, and Shepard is stroking the varsity. There is general indignation among Harvard men in consequence." Now Fennessy is not only the best oar in Cambridge, but quite as good as the best at Yale to-day. In the race last June at New London he showed rare form, and it was most flatteringly remarked upon by Yale coaches. Fennessy is all right, and Mr. Watson knows it. The fact is, the latter, who is quite as level-headed as he is experienced in rowing affairs, seeks to teach a wholesome lesson. One, be it said, which has for its object the advertising of the fact that there are no seats in the varsity boat mortgaged this year; that the crew has not been chosen yet, nor will it be chosen for some time to come, and that the aim of the management is to encourage every person in the university, no matter whether he has rowing inclinations or not, to step up and have a try.

The past furnishes many examples of the short-sighted policy of granting openly to any one person an undisputed claim to a certain position, for as a "sure thing" he simply crushes the aspirations of new men, who only need development and encouragement to become stars. Such a pernicious system can have but one tendency, to wit—the laying of shaky foundations whereon to build future teams or crews. Naturally the more men to try, the more certain is it that eventually the best eight in the university will be placed on the water. The eight to represent a college is the one made up of the best eight men in the entire college. This would be the ideal eight, but ideals are not realized fully in this life; yet an approach to an ideal may be made and can be made if the right policy is pursued. Mr. Watson shows that he realizes this by literally refusing to be content with working upon the old men, seven of whom are candidates again this year, to the exclusion of the rest of the college. If there is such a thing as discovering new and better material he is going to do it.

Mr. Watson is eminently right when he argues it the part of common sense to find out who can row and who can not early in the season; and the greater the field to work in the better the results. The smaller the field the greater are the chances that at the last moment there is found to be "dead wood" in the boat which must remain there. And it follows as an essential in successful crew-rowing, that the eight men shall each and every one of them be capable of doing his share of the work from the start of the race until the last stroke is taken at the finish. There can be no passenger, no

dead weight, if victory is to perch on their college banner.

Last year when Harvard mentors of athletics placed Dr. Brooks at the head of foot-ball they made the wisest move in years. When Mr. Watson was made premier rowing coach another equally wise step was taken. And it behooves the rank and file at Cambridge to back up and believe in Watson. It should not be forgotten that it is the single head to direct wisely the policy of a crew, and not the dozen heads all thinking and suggesting on clashing lines. As a famous English rowing authority would put it, . . . "nor should the coach be changed, if possible, when a crew has once embarked in training. He who has watched the run from day to day is the best judge of the progress or deterioration of individuals, and as different coaches essay to explain and correct the same fault by different method and analogy, the variation often confuses rather than enlightens the pupil. One coach may undo the work of another, though each, if left to carry out his own system, could do well enough."

This sums the case up in a nutshell, shows the reasons for the action of Harvard in appointing Brooks and Watson, and sounds the key-note to the success of Yale on field and water.

BLIND ALLEGIANCE TO TRADITION IN ROWING.

College graduates who know so well how faithfully traditions of the old-timers are handed down from the captain of one athletic team to another, and how closely the old customs are adhered to, must be pleased to read or to hear, from time to time, of a tendency among the latter-day athletes to indulge their several specialties on a more common-sense basis. Yet, as undergraduates, how unnatural it would have seemed to them for a captain to throw precedent to the winds and direct the efforts of his men according to what he himself thought was the right policy to pursue.

Because, years ago, it was thought necessary to train on raw beef and walk barefooted in the snow to toughen soles and make hardy the constitution, such customs became established, and other equally foolish ideas of training fashioned into iron-clad rules to be handed down from year to year faithfully and unflinchingly. And even to-day this blind allegiance to tradition warps the judgment of many an otherwise sensible fellow, and prevents all display of common sense. But reform is in the air for sure, and sooth to say the collegian has the infection. The first strong and decided symptom of reform was shown, I think, last fall, by the directors of athletics at Harvard. Instead of following old lines, for instance, so far as the training of their foot-ball team was concerned, which would have meant playing the candidates for the eleven an hour to an hour and a half daily until every man came to hate the game and was so used up that he could not possibly get the strength and dash into his work which he otherwise would, they made it a rule to play the men like human beings—hard to-day, easy on the morrow, and at every turn making their rules of training conform to the dictates of common sense, unbiased by foolish traditions.

The Yale team last fall was also handled on somewhat modified lines, and now on the heels of these partial reforms comes one in rowing affairs at Yale. Armstrong, captain of the crew, began by abolishing the usual work during the Christmas holidays, and later, when college opened on January 7th, he turned to the new men and started them off on a moderate system of training, letting the old men, or those who rowed in the boat last year, look after themselves, thus showing his confidence in their ability to care for themselves, with a sense of the responsibility of being fit and ready when finally called. Now this was sensible, and I do not doubt that results later on at New London will show the utter absurdity of the old system, which practically made drudges of the candidates.

There are undoubtedly more examples of insane methods of training to be found in rowing history than in the annals of any other college sport. An old Yale crew man, speaking the other day of his experience in 1885 and 1886, illustrated beautifully how little the captains thought for themselves, allowing precedent to govern their every action. "I will never forget," said he, "when Louis Hull was captain of the crew and I was a substitute. With a strong desire to learn the science of rowing, get into shape and the like, and ultimately make the crew, I proceeded to the boat-house on a Saturday, took out a singleshell and rowed up the Quinipiac River around the 'Island' and back again, a distance of eight miles all told. In the afternoon I repeated the journey, and on my return was met by Hull, who cheerfully informed me that the eight was going out, that he was shy a regular man, and wanted me to take the seat. They were going to row four miles on time, he said. Aghast at this, after sixteen miles of sculling in which I had done such hard work, I explained the situation, but to no purpose other than

to gain the promise that at the end of the trial, which would land the boat away down by the breakwater, some six miles from the boat-house, I might ride back in the coaches' launch.

"Thus I took my seat in the boat—though other substitutes were ready at hand—and pulled the four miles. Perhaps I did not do well, perhaps Hull forgot his promise, or, remembering, thought it would be well to give me a little more work. Anyway, I had to keep my seat, and on the way back 'hit her up' with the others many dozens of times, it seemed to me, on short spurts, before the boat-house was reached. That night, according to custom, I stood on the scales and found my weight to be one hundred and fifty-one pounds, or a loss of just twelve pounds for the week. Of course I put those twelve pounds back again before reporting for duty on Monday afternoon. I simply had to or finally wind up as a candidate for coarswain.

"The following year, when Cowles, '36, was captain of the crew, it so happened that the fellows had been given tickets to the theatre, it being the end of a week wherein extra good work had been done. At 3.30 o'clock, as it was impossible to row on account of ice in the river, we started out for a run, led by Cowles. Gayly we started, for the change of exercise was delightful, but after two hours of jogging, during which we had gone steadily away from home, all pleasure of the run began to wear away. When Ansonia was reached, a distance of ten miles, we were all hopping mad, but I had determined to see that show, so when the order was given to return I just lit out, and by great exertion reached the gymnasium at 8.30. John Rogers was the last man in, at 11 o'clock. He had lost his way and had, at the danger of his life, taken to the railroad tracks."

Percy Bolton, M.D., will be recalled by many as one of Yale's foremost coaches in rowing. Yet Bolton never rowed as a regular in a Yale crew in a race. And why? Not that he was not good enough, for in his senior year, '85 Sheffield, he rowed one of the prettiest and quite as strong an oar as any one in college. In that year he had started to train for the crew, and he was one of the most likely men. But Bolton had a mind of his own, as well as certain opinions on what the training should be. In consequence when Captain Cowles led the crew on a fifteen-mile run through the country on a bleak and nasty day Bolton rebelled. He told Cowles he thought the run senseless, and then, having spoken his mind, returned to the gymnasium, never again to try as a candidate for the crew. The incident was talked about wildly and widely for some time, and the college generally put Bolton down as a crank and a traitor.

W. T. Bull.

International Arbitration.

WILLIAM RANDALL CREMER, the member of the British House of Commons who recently visited this country as bearer of a memorial to the President and Congress, signed by three hundred and fifty-four of his colleagues, asking that a treaty be adopted to settle all disputes

which may arise between the two nations for the next twenty-five years by arbitration, may be justly said to be the father of the present agitation in behalf of international arbitration.

At the close of President Cleveland's first term, when the feeling between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations was not so friendly as it is now, Mr. Cremer came here with the signatures of two hundred and thirty-four Commons upon a like mission, but he gained no more ground than a hearing from the President and the leaders of both parties. About a year ago a resolution, proposed by Senator Allison, of Iowa, asking the President to open negotiations with Great Britain with a view to such a treaty, was adopted, and Mr. Cremer secured the support of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal whips to a concurrent resolution, which was put through the House of Commons. But nothing further in any authoritative form passed between the two governments, possibly because President and premier were so occupied by matters of great timely importance. Now Mr. Cremer has come with absolute assurance from Lord Rosebery, as it may be implied from the diplomatic Mr. Cremer's conversation, that if the United States will take the initiative and give the treaty definite form it will be accepted by the British Parliament. He and Senator Allison

have been in correspondence for some time, and Mr. Allison is quite sure that the United States will do this.

"In brief," said Mr. Cremer, "we desire your government to put into effect the principles which it has already affirmed in discursive resolutions in its Congress. Some thirty members of my own party have promised to vote for the measure if it comes to a vote, but refused on the ground of their Parliamentary dignity to memorialize another Parliament. We think that such a compact between the two nations, which are so closely connected by ties of blood, would have a tremendous moral effect upon the other continental Powers in behalf of arbitration. Further than that, we hope that it may lead to the amalgamation of all of the Anglo-Saxon nations in behalf of the peace of the world, an idea which is very dear to the heart of Lord Rosebery and to a majority of the English people. I think that the old prejudice which existed between the two nations because the son gave the father a thrashing when he deserved it is fast dying out. We realize that you were right, and now we want to make an arrangement so that the members of the Anglo-Saxon family will never come to blows again."

It is interesting to know that the three hundred and fifty-four signatures of Mr. Cremer's memorial, which has been presented to the President, represent two hundred and thirty-two Liberals, seventy-one Nationalists, thirty Unionists, and twenty-one Conservatives.

FREDERICK PALMER.

The Loss of the Steamer "Chicora."

THE loss of the *Chicora*, with twenty-six lives, near St. Joseph, Michigan, illustrates the peculiar perils of winter navigation on the great lakes. Although through traffic is suspended by the closing of the straits by ice and the risks of the service, the ferry from Milwaukee to St. Joseph is maintained during open weather, as it saves a hundred miles and the extra expense of the rail route. The barometer indicated a severe storm when the *Chicora* left Milwaukee Monday morning, January 21st, but the warning was unheeded. Starting in fair weather the boat sailed directly into the area of low barometer and an ice-pack on the east side of the lake. During the night she met a gale of nearly one hundred miles an hour, with the temperature close to zero. The beating of the heavy seas and the pounding of the masses of ice soon rendered the vessel unmanageable, and, tossing helplessly in the channel of the seas, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, out of sight of land and beyond reach of human aid, she foundered with all on board.

The *Chicora* was built three years ago at Detroit for the Graham and Morton Transportation Company, and was valued by the Inland Lloyds at one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Her measurements were two hundred and fifteen feet in length, and twenty-eight feet beam; net tonnage, nine hundred. She was a speedy and staunch vessel and, being rated A1, was not insured. Her cargo consisted of six hundred and thirty-two tons, principally flour. It is believed that had a life-saving crew gone out in a powerful tug from Chicago, that side of the lake being free from ice, the vessel might have been succored, and the crew, if not the steamer itself, rescued.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE CHINESE EMPEROR SLEDGING.

THE Emperor of China finds time, in the midst of his official cares, to indulge in diversions of one sort and another. In our picture he is shown in a new sledge recently sent him from Austria, enjoying the delights of a sleigh-ride on Lake Tai-yi-chi in the palace gardens, Peking. The palace, for purposes of safety, is built inside the "Forbidden city, which is again inside the Yellow city, which is also inside the Tartar city; each city is surrounded by a high wall and a moat. The walls of the palace inclose a space about half a mile broad by two-thirds of a mile in length. No foreigners are allowed inside, and no Chinaman, except on official business. The lake is outside the palace walls; in the summer it is covered with lotus, the perfume from the flowers filling the air with fragrance for a long distance. In the winter it is frozen and used by the inmates of the palace for sledging."

ARMED WITH BOWS AND ARROWS.

The latest reports from the field of operations show that the Japanese are continuing their march toward Peking without serious opposition. The Chinese appear to be utterly disheartened, and their resistance to the invaders of their soil lacks both enthusiasm and coherency of plan. Undoubtedly their antiquated methods of warfare account in part for the inefficiency of the Chinese soldiers, but back of that lies a spirit of indifference and a complac-

able absence of organization. As to the inferior equipment of many of the men sent to the front, the picture on our foreign page is conclusive. "The bow and arrow is the national arm; every year great reviews are held in Peking, and strict examinations take place in archery. The man who can draw the strongest bow is made a mandarin; good marksmen also receive honorable notice. It is an ordinary sight to see men practicing in the streets, and there are special schools for training young men how to hold and draw the bow gracefully, and many hours are wasted every day with the arms propped up with sticks in the most uncomfortable position, to enable them to perform this difficult feat. The manner of holding the bow appears strange to Western ideas, but it is noteworthy that the merit of the archer is as much judged by his knowledge of 'position drill' as by correctness of aim."

CHINESE DUPLICITY.

The Chinese government has pursued its usual policy of delay and duplicity in the matter of the negotiations for a settlement of the existing war. Instead of sending her ambassadors promptly to Japan, their departure was delayed on one pretext and another, and when finally they set out they were, it is understood, hampered by instructions which will probably make their negotiations valueless. A dispatch from Shanghai says that the Japanese government will not receive the peace envoys until they are clothed with full power to conclude peace, and if this decision shall be persisted in there is hardly a possibility that hostilities will be arrested.

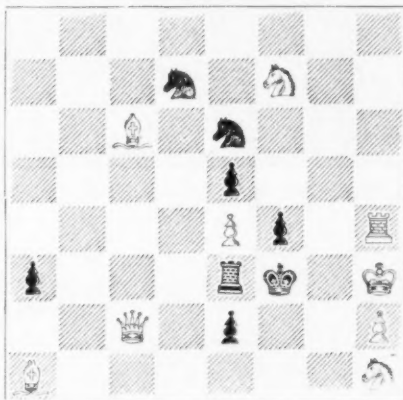
OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

The Chess-Board.

PROBLEM NO. 4. BY I. S. LOYD.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 2. BY MRS. BAIRD.

White.
1 Kt to Q B 4
2 Kt to K B 4 mate.

Black.
1 Kt takes Kt.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 3. BY S. LOYD.

White.
1 Q to Q R
2 P takes Kt mate.

Black.
1 Kt to Kt 5.

Correct solutions were received from Messrs. H. Duane, J. Willets, G. Moss, A. D. Appleton, J. Gardner, C. D. Foster, Mrs. E. A. Arnold, Miss T. Oliver, and quite a number of others whose names appear among the whistites.

Whist Practice.

PROBLEM NO. 4 turned upon a very pretty line of play which enables A to assume the lead at the proper moment. A leads club five, so that C takes it with six, and returns with heart nine. A discards his club ace, so as to trump the club two, which C now leads. C takes the two tricks in trumps. Many whistites from all parts of the country pronounced the problem unsolvable, and others gave solutions which will not take the required number of tricks against the best play on the part of B and D; nevertheless it was mastered by

Messrs. C. Cox, A. Boekius, J. R. Dickenson, C. D.

Garrett, C. Amtrusser, H. Noah, M. T. Quick, L. Wakely, W. M. Pingree, D. N. Bell, J. G. Brown, D. Martin, C. M. Bright, T. A. Laurie, W. P. Edwards, W. A. Moore, J. W. Drake, C. A. Dixon, A. McLean, C. W. Wales, C. H. Beckham, E. B. Andrews, A. C. Fessenden, C. W. McAlpin, S. B. Royston, E. C. Biglow, A. F. Crosby, Mrs. H. Crowell, H. Negus, H. Cook, G. Stewart, Mrs. F. G. Brown, E. W. Hoyt, L. B. Wells, F. G. Irwin, F. Orr, C. A. Beswick, E. T. Benedict, A. F. Ballou, W. H. Rowles, J. Q. Turnbull, J. E. Miller, F. M. Williams, T. Carr, J. Tanner, S. Campbell, H. McCullough, Mrs. H. T. Menner, W. H. Haskell, O. C. Hutchinson, C. L. Eberle, Mrs. A. M. Hawley, A. Senn, W. O. Wellington, Mrs. J. S. Kaufmann, E. S. Hulma, J. H. Loomis, Mrs. C. W. List, E. H. Taylor, L. Oderbrecht, G. W. McGaffier, W. Falconer, C. S. Stenworth, Mrs. McClinch, W. B. Parsons, F. C. Buel, W. Hallowell, M. Deland, E. F. Bullard, J. A. P., M. Vincent, C. McWilliams, O. Pape, H. Maiz, I. C. Sebott, M. Rogers, J. M. Pell, F. J. Pratt, B. Manchester, S. H. Callender, W. Duncan, W. M. Johnson, W. B. Morningstern, C. E. Wolfe, N. Schlossel, F. Buckley, J. B. Peterson, J. S. Royston, M. B. Hazzard, W. E. Fleming, Eva Sweitzer, H. C. Bennett, L. D. Gilmore, and W. Montgomery. Many others received too late for examination.

Here is an interesting study which will puzzle our veterans:



Clubs trump. How many tricks can A and B take if A has the lead? How many if B leads? How many if C leads? How many if D leads?

Pole always maintained that the first few rounds at whist are like the skirmishing for position and to feel the enemy's lines, and that the real fight, which decides the winning of the odd trick, depends upon the play of the last five cards. Some people imagine that the final wind-up plays itself and will bring about the same result, no matter who leads or how the cards are played. The above problem shows that everything depends upon the lead and the handling of the cards, and that almost every play brings about different results.

"Am I Married or Not?"

asked Mr. A., despondently. "I declare, my wife is so nervous and irritable that I don't stay in the house a moment longer than I can help. My home isn't what it used to be." "Mrs. A. is suffering from some functional derangement, I presume," said B. "Yes; she has been an invalid for years." "Exactly. Her experience is that of my wife, but she was cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Get this remedy for Mrs. A., and the happiness of your home will soon be restored." Mr. B. was right. For prolapsus, painful periods, irregularities—in short, all "complaints" peculiar to the female sex—the "Favorite Prescription" is a sovereign specific.

Good News for Asthmatics.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal-card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

WRECKAGE OF THE "CHICORA" IN THE OUTER ICE
TWO MILES FROM SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN.



THE LOSS OF THE STEAMER "CHICORA," WITH ALL ON BOARD, IN THE HURRICANE WHICH SWEEPED LAKE MICHIGAN, JANUARY 21ST AND 22D.
DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 91.]



THE RECENT POWDER EXPLOSION AT BUTTE CITY, MONTANA—THE SCENES AS THEY APPEARED THE DAY AFTER THE DISASTER.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

DISASTERS ON LAND AND SEA.



WINTER PLEASURES IN CHINA—THE EMPEROR SLEDGING ON THE LAKE IN THE PALACE GARDENS, PEKING.—*London Graphic*.—[SEE PAGE 91.]



THE WAR IN THE EAST—ARCHERY DRILL BY CHINESE SOLDIERS IN THE STREETS OF PEKING.—*London Graphic*.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

Our Superlative Department.

V.—SMALLEST THINGS.

The "Princess Paulina" is the smallest actress in the world. Who is the smallest actor?

The cuatro-real gold piece of Guatemala has been said to be the smallest gold coin in the world. Small gold coins have gone out of fashion.

The smallest pony in the world was a Shetland belonging to the Marquis of Londonderry, weighing sixteen pounds when foaled, and nineteen and one-half inches high.

When the craze for big newspaper buildings came, J. W. E. Townsend, of Lundy, Mono County, California, used to boast that his cabin, 8 by 12 feet, was "the smallest printing-office in the world." He lived and printed in this cabin the *Homer Mining Index*.

Queen Elizabeth had a printed Bible, complete, that fitted into a walnut.

A casket the size of a pepper-corn held sixteen hundred ivory dishes made by Oswald Northingens for Pope Paul VI.

The "smallest baby in the world" is said to be thriving now in a Chicago hospital. It was born Christmas Day, perfectly formed, but weighing only three pounds. The child measured, a week old, just twelve inches when stretched out, and his head is about as big around as a silver dollar. His name is Ernest Turner, and his father is a laborer. But Katie Campbell, who was born in Philadelphia, November 5th, 1891, weighed only one and three-quarter pounds when ten days old, and only eleven pounds at the age of a year.

Some time ago a London newspaper announced that a jeweler of Turin had made a tug-boat formed of a single pearl. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle-light at the prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as the rudder, and the stand

(Continued on next page.)

NATURAL domestic champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tifford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

No buffet should be without Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the great appetizer.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A. 231, Albion, Michigan.

THE AVERAGE MAN

who suffers from headaches and biliousness needs a medicine to keep his stomach and liver in good working order. For such people Ripans Tablets fill the bill. One tabule gives relief.

In the warerooms of Sohmer & Co., 140-155 East Fourteenth Street, the reader will find instruments that cannot be surpassed, and the purchaser is perfectly assured of getting the best article in the market at a very reasonable figure.

FOR 20 YEARS

the formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. No secret about it. This is one of its strongest endorsements. But the strongest endorsement possible is in the *vital strength* it gives.

Scott's Emulsion

nourishes. It does more for weak Babies and Growing Children than any other kind of nourishment. It strengthens Weak Mothers and restores health to all suffering from Emaciation and General Debility.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Blood Diseases and Loss of Flesh. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.



CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective of Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, preserve, purify, and beautify the skin, scalp, and hair when all else fails. CUTICURA REMEDIES are of the utmost purity and delicacy, and especially appeal to the refined in every community.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all continental cities. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT,

You can leave Grand Central Station, the very centre of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, in a magnificently equipped train,

Via the New York Central, The Great Four-track Trunk Line.

Trains depart from and arrive at Grand Central Station, New York,

Connecting the east and west, by the New York Central Lines.

Chicago is only 24 hours away; Cincinnati 22; St. Louis 30.

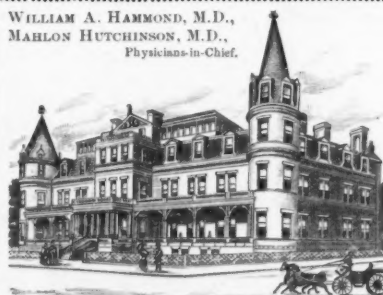
Eleven through trains each day, Practically a train every hour, via

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M.D., MAHLON HUTCHINSON, M.D., Physicians-in-Chief.



Fourteenth St. and Sheridan Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Prince of Newsdealers.

CHICAGO has a good many unique and notable personages, but among them all no one is more prominent in his way than "Charley" McDonald, "the prince of booksellers," whose great store on Washington Street is the literary centre of the city. Mr. McDonald's great success and phenomenal popularity are due to two facts: first, his very superior business capacity; and secondly, to his knowledge of literature and intuitive perception of the popular literary tastes and demands. Fully informed as to the literary movements of his time, and a careful student of the drift and tendencies of the reading public, purchasers go to him with absolute confidence that their needs, whatever they may be, will be supplied, and assured, too, that they will be served with a courtesy at once charming and inimitable. The eminence he has reached in his peculiar sphere affords another illustration of the truth, sometimes forgotten, that the prizes of life are sure to him who joins to business probity and generous enterprise a thorough mastery of the industry and calling in which he is engaged.



They have to

Try

to sell other kinds of Bias Velvetten Skirt Bindings. That's why they tell you they are

"just the same as"

"S. H. & M."

Samples and Booklet on "How to Bind the Dress Skirt," for 2c. stamp. Address

The S. H. & M. Co., 131 Spring St., New York.

"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

High Living Disorders

Quickly Corrected by **Bromo-Seltzer**

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus:—

JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

Advertise in **LESLIE'S WEEKLY.**

The HAMMOND SANITARIUM

For Diseases of the Nervous System and of the Skin.

The HAMMOND ANIMAL EXTRACTS, Cerebrine, Medulline, Cardine, Testine, Ovarine, and Thyroidine (Isopathy), are largely used in the treatment; also Baths, Douches, Static, Galvanic, and Faradaic Electricity—in fact, all recognized scientific methods for the cure of disease. For full information and pamphlet, address either

Dr. HAMMOND or Dr. HUTCHINSON.

Correspondence with physicians requested.

WHITE WITNESSES!

The mouth of men or women who cleanse their teeth with **Sozodont** is a witness-box, and every time they open it, two rows of gleaming white witnesses testify to its **Beautifying** and **Preserving** properties. A pure breath and sound teeth are cheaply purchased at the price of this inestimable preparation. To

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

alone is due the whiteness and soundness of three-fourths of the beautiful sets of teeth that glitter at the balls and parties of the elite, and it therefore behooves all, if they would be admired, to see that their teeth are carefully attended to. **Sozodont** removes every impurity that tends to discolor or impair the teeth, and, owing to its antiseptic properties, effectually prevents the gums from becoming soft and spongy.



"It may be true what some men say. It maun be true what a'men say."

PUBLIC OPINION endorses **Sapolio**.— It is a solid cake of scouring soap...

For many years **SAPOLIO** has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

Great Western

The Finest CHAMPAGNE In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.



Address, Pleasant Valley Wine Company,

RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.

H. B. KIRK & Co., 69 FULTON STREET AND 1158 BROADWAY, NEW YORK AGENTS.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY



FOR MEDICINAL USE.

No Fusel Oil.

SAT IN A DRAUGHT.

THE CAR WINDOW WAS OPEN.

WENT OUT AFTER A BATH.

FORGOT TO WEAR AN OVERCOAT.

NEGLECTED TO PUT ON RUBBERS.

GOT CAUGHT IN A RAIN, AND

YOU HAVE A COLD!

and should take the best known preparation for it. Nothing which has ever been discovered has equaled Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey for counteracting the first approach of any cold, cough or malarial symptoms. It is for sale by druggists and grocers universally, but care should be exercised that none but Duffy's is secured. Send for our illustrated book.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths: athletes or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floor room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Endorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 4 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, New York.

Telegram from Russia:

"SEND TO ANITCHKOFF PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG, IMMEDIATELY, ONE DOZEN VIN MARIANI, FOR HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA."

Ordered by the Court Physicians.

A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of fifty bottles "Vin Mariani," states that H.I.M. the Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

VIN MARIANI

"The Ideal Tonic Wine."

Fortifies, Nourishes and Stimulates the Body and Brain.

It restores Health, Strength, Energy and Vitality.

Avoid Substitutions. Ask for "Vin Mariani" at all Druggists. For Descriptive Book with Portraits and testimony of noted Celebrities, write to

MARIANI & CO., 52 W. 15th St., New York. PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. LONDON: 209 Oxford Street.

Two Popular Trains

VIA

WEST-SHORE RAILROAD

The Chicago and St. Louis Limited,

Leaving New York every day at 5 P. M., connecting at Chicago and St. Louis for the Far West.

Fast National Express Limited,

Leaving New York at 7:35 P. M. daily, except Sunday, stopping only at important cities en route and arriving at Buffalo early next morning.

TRY THEM.

They are the Best, the Easiest, the Quickest.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

TAMAR

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

INDIEN

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

GRILLON

E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide, potassium, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Macon Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

LONDON. THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?



When you can get the Best at Cargo prices in any Quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to Club Agents. Good Income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD HEAD PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS



Our Superlative Department.

(Continued from previous page.)

upon which it is mounted is a slab of white ivory. The entire weight of this marvelous specimen of jewelers' craft is less than half an ounce, but the maker values it at five thousand dollars.

The smallest birds in the world are the humming birds, found in the New World exclusively. Their smallest known species is the *Melospiza minima*, one and one-quarter inches in length and weighing twenty grains.

The smallest legislative body in America, perhaps, is the Legislature of the State of Delaware, nine Senators and twenty-one Representatives. It was here that Senator Higgins had his great fight for re-election over Gasman Adicks.

The smallest legislative body in the world is the single house of Montenegro, composed of eight members, four appointed and four elected. The upper house of the Bermudas numbers nine. The republic of Andorra, the smallest State in the world, has twenty-four members in its single legislative house.

The smallest paper published in America has been said to be the *Decoto Weekly Star*, of Decoto, Alameda County, California. It measures six and one-half by ten and one-half inches.

De Vinne's "Specimens of Minute Type" is the smallest book in America, it is said. It is two inches long by one and a half inches wide.

The smallest inhabited island is said to be that on which the Eddystone light-house stands. It is thirty feet in diameter at low water, is inhabited by three persons, and lies nine miles off the Cornish coast.

Cold iron has been rolled in England to an eighteen-hundredth part of an inch, in sheets.

A machine perfected by John Wennstrom drills, through sapphires, diamonds, and rubies, holes one one-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

The smallest post-office in the world is off the coast of Patagonia, where a barrel hangs over a cliff. Letters from passing ships are taken from the barrel, and deposited there also.

Scotland claims the credit of having the smallest burial-ground in the world. It is situated in the Walter Scott country, in Galashiels, between Bridge Street and High Street. It measures only twenty-two and one-half feet by fourteen and one-half feet, and is surrounded by a ricketty wall only seven feet high. It has been closed as a burial-ground for many years, the last person interred there being Robert Dickson Skinner, who was gathered to his fathers on July 13th, 1919, aged eighty-eight years.

A Dutch artist has printed a landscape correct in all its details as seen by a magnifying-glass, but so minute as to be covered by the wing of a fly.

In St. John's College, Oxford, is a portrait of Charles I., in which the engraver's lines, as they seem to be, are really microscopic writing, the face alone containing all the Book of Psalms, with the creeds and several forms of prayer.

At a recent exhibition in Germany a gentleman showed a postal-card upon which the whole of the first three books of the "Odyssey" were written, and the remaining space was filled with a transcript of a long debate which had taken place in the German Parliament a short time before, the whole card containing thirty-three thousand words.

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

WIFE—"John, I wish you'd chop some wood for the fire."
Husband—"Can't; my arm's lame."
Son (ten minutes later)—"Say, pa, we can't go fishing to-day; the pond's covered with ice."
Father—"Well, we can chop a hole in it, can't we?"—Judge.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO

IT'S INJURIOUS TO STOP SUDDENLY and don't be imposed upon by buying a remedy that requires you to do so, as it is nothing more than a substitute. In the sudden stoppage of tobacco you must have some stimulant, and in most all cases, the effect of the stimulant, be it opium, morphine, or other opiates, leaves a far worse habit contracted.

Ask your druggist about BACO-CURO. It is purely vegetable. You do not have

to stop using tobacco with BACO-CURO. It will notify you when to stop and your desire for tobacco will cease. Your system will be as free from nicotine as the day before you took your first chew or smoke. An iron-clad written guarantee to absolutely cure the tobacco habit in all its forms, or money refunded. Price, \$1.00 per box or 3 boxes (30 days' treatment and guaranteed cure), \$2.50. For sale by all druggists or will be sent by mail upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO-CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOX. Booklets and proofs free.

Eureka Chemical & Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Office of THE PIONEER PRESS COMPANY, C. W. HORNICK, Supt., St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 7, 1894.

Eureka Chemical and Mfg Co., La Crosse, Wis. Dear Sirs—I have been a tobacco fiend for many years, and during the past ten years have smoked fifteen to twenty cigars regularly every day. My whole nervous system became affected, until my physician told me I must give up the use of tobacco for the time being, at least. I tried the so-called "Keeley Cure," "No-To-Bac," and various other remedies, but without success, until I accidentally learned of your "Baco-Curo." Three weeks ago to-day I commenced using your preparation, and to-day I consider myself completely cured: I am in perfect health, and the horrible craving for tobacco, which every inveterate smoker fully appreciates, has completely left me. I consider your "Baco-Curo" simply wonderful, and can fully recommend it. Yours very truly, C. W. HORNICK.

Waverley BICYCLES.

ARE THE HIGHEST OF ALL HIGH GRADES.



Warranted superior to any Bicycle built in the world, regardless of price. Do not be induced to pay more money for an inferior wheel. Insist on having the Waverley. Can be delivered from factory if agent hasn't it. Catalogue "F" Free by Mail.

22 lb. Scorchers, - - \$85. INDIANA BICYCLE CO., 23 lb. Ladies', - - 75. Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

VINO DE SALUD (WINE OF HEALTH.)

"Vino de Salud" is all, and more than all, claimed for it. As a tonic and stomachic it is without a superior. I am convinced that it is made of a pure, palatable wine, and that the Calisaya and other herbs are chemically infused. I have especially recommended it to elderly persons of impaired digestion."—Letter on file in our office from a well-known physician.

A beautifully illustrated booklet about this celebrated Spanish Tonic Wine mailed on application to ROCHE & CO., Importers, 503 Fifth Ave., New York.

Rae's Lucca Oil The Perfection of Olive Oil.

Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor." "For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture." GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY S. Rae & Co. Leghorn, Italy. Established 1836.

DUEBER'S 14K GOLD CHAMPION
Watch, has valuable ruby jewels, the Humpless patent back action mainspring, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, full nickel plates, dust band that excludes every particle of dust, quick train, 18,000 beats, porcelain dial and all the latest improvements, made by the famous Dueber Factory whose
DUEBER-HAMPDEN 17-JEWEL
RAILROAD WATCHES are in use on all the Great Railroads of America.—Cut this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send this watch by express free of charge. Express for examination, you examine return watch to us at the express office and if as represented pay the express agent \$5.00 and express charges and it is yours. One only to each person to introduce them. Write today. (9-70)
CHICAGO WATCH CO., 251 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HAPPINESS ASSURED.

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure all kinds of Piles. It gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by druggists, sent by mail, for 50c, and \$1.00 per box. WILLIAMS' MFG CO., Prop's, Cleveland, O.



DEAFNESS

and headaches relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON SENSE EAR DRUMS. Entirely new, scientific invention; different from all other devices; the only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible ear drum in the world. Hundreds are being benefited where medical skill has failed. No string or wire attachment to irritate the ear. Write for pamphlet. WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 102 Trust Bldg., LOUISVILLE, KY.

PLAYS

Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.

FOR YOU?

It may be a disagreeable thing to talk about, but it isn't a thousandth part as disagreeable to discuss as it is painful to endure.

WE HAVE DISCOVERED an entirely new principle, protected by U. S. Gov't, by which any form of Piles, Hemorrhoids, Fissures, or Fistula can be cured as sure as day follows night. No matter how long standing, how many doctors, medicines, and treatments have failed; we tell you of an original, common-sense, painless home cure. Particulars and proofs for nothing. A dollar for the cure, postpaid. It is neither salve, ointment, liniment, suppository, wash, instrument, or medicine. It is a new principle. Address Korschachin Caloric Co., Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Box of 50 Cigars
AND AN 18k GOLD FINISHED Watch, Charm and Chain.
Cut This Advertisement Out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send to you by express for examination this genuine 18k gold plated watch (equal in appearance to solid gold) and a box of 50 of our very finest cigars. You examine them at the express office and if satisfactory pay the agent \$2.98 and they are yours. This is a special offer to introduce our cigars, and only one watch and one box of cigars will be sent to each person ordering at this price. The watch is a beauty and would cost you in a retail store twice as much as we offer the cigars and watch together for. Mention in your letter whether you want gold or ladies' size watch and write to-day as this will not appear again. Address THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 324 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

An Unexpected Guest

need arouse no housewifely anxiety if

Armour's
Extract of BEEF

is at hand. A cup of Bouillon can be prepared in a moment, and it always delights and refreshes.

Send for our book of "Culinary Wrinkles"—mailed free.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

Rambler
BICYCLES.

ONE MILE
WORLD'S **1.51** RECORD!

FLYING
Good bearings and "fastest tires on earth"—
"G. & J. PNEUMATIC TIRES"
THAT'S THE SECRET.

Catalogue free at any Rambler agency.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO.
Boston. Washington. New York. Brooklyn. Detroit.

Something
worth
having



PITCHER & MANDA, Inc.,
Short Hills, N.J.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INK MANUFACTURED BY

J. Harper Bonnell Co.,
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

RHEUMATISM

sufferers can send address and receive FREE, a pamphlet which tells what Rheumatism is in all its forms, the cause of the pain attending it, and how to obtain a lasting and inexpensive cure.

W. W. KIMBALL, 3 Union Square N. Y.



FACIAL BLEMISHES.
Largest establishment in the world for the treatment of SKIN, SCALP, AND NERVES. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 43d St., N. Y. City, inventor of WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. Send 10c. for sample and 150-page book on Dermatology.

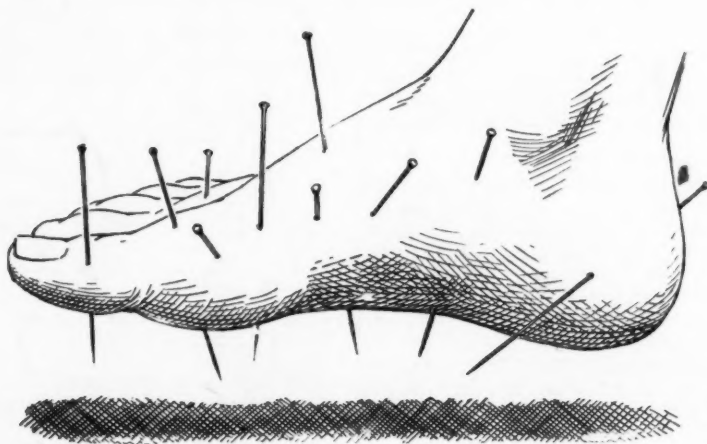


THE LATE LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

retirement from public life occasioned at the time very great surprise: but whatever may have been the cause, it is probable that the country lost nothing by his withdrawal. Americans have felt a peculiar interest in him, because of the fact that Lady Randolph Churchill was an American, a daughter of the late Leonard Jerome of this city.

Lord Randolph Churchill.

THERE have been in recent years few more picturesque figures in British politics than Lord Randolph Churchill, who died a fortnight since at the age of forty-six years. Ten or twelve years ago Lord Randolph ranked as one of the foremost debaters of the House of Commons, and was regarded as a masterful force and coming leader in affairs. It was his misfortune, however, that while able and brilliant, he lacked breadth and seriousness, and depended too largely upon the pettier methods of achieving his ends. His nagging of Mr. Gladstone was greatly enjoyed by the Tories for a time, but it accomplished nothing, and gave him a demagogical reputation which greatly impaired his usefulness. He never originated a policy, and no problem with which he had to do was ever helped by him to a solution. His sudden



For Chilblains or Frost Bite, or for Sore or Tender Feet, the very best thing is

Salva-cea,

(TRADE-MARK)

the new curative lubricant. It takes out the pain surprisingly. So with

Neuralgia,
Rheumatism,
Sprains,
Piles,
Earache,
Croup,
Whooping-Cough,
Catarrh,

None of the old remedies is so quick or effective in the relief of all these.

Sore Throat,
Burns,
Bruises,
Bites and Stings,
Boils,
Sores,
Ulcerated Teeth,
Erysipelas,
Eczema.

Salva-cea is sold in tin boxes at 25 and 50 cents, and in glass at 50 cents. At druggists, or by mail.

THE BRANDRETH CO., 274 Canal Street, New York.

The American Bell Telephone Company,

125 Milk Street,
Boston, Mass.

This Company owns Letters Patent No. 463,569, granted to Emile Berliner November 17, 1891, for a combined Telegraph and Telephone, and controls Letters Patent No. 474,231, granted to Thomas A. Edison May 3, 1892, for a Speaking Telegraph, which Patents cover fundamental inventions and embrace all forms of microphone transmitters and of carbon telephones.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great

Industrial and Food

EXPOSITIONS

In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Arnold
Constable & Co.

EMBROIDERIES.

NOVELTIES

FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

Swiss Edgings and Insertings.

45-inch Swiss Flouncings.

English Stitch, open-work designs.

NAINSOOK EDGINGS AND INSERTINGS.

All-over embroidery to match.

A very choice selection of NEW PATTERNS

EMBROIDERED ROBES,

Exclusive designs. New and beautiful colorings.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

Bear in Mind—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

The finest cup of Cocoa is made with

Blooker's Dutch Cocoa.

Requires no boiling. Sample package (2 cups) mailed on receipt of postage, 2 cents.

Franco-American Food Co.,

Sole Wholesale Agents for the U. S.

P. O. Box 150, New York.

FREE CURE.

Kidney

URINARY DISEASES and RHEUMATISM.

We know that ALKAVIS is a Positive Cure for these diseases, and to prove to you its Wonderful Effects, and for the sake of introduction, we will send you enough for one week's use, by mail, prepaid, FREE, if you are a sufferer. It is an unfailing cure. A trial costs you nothing. Address, The CHURCH KIDNEY CURE CO., 416 Fourth Avenue, New York.

ALKAVIS is a Positive Cure for Kidney & Urinary Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. It is from the new Poly-nesian shrub, KAVA-KAVA (botanical name: Piper Methysticum) described in New York World, Feb. 8, 1893, and Medical Gazette, of Dec., 1892. Endorsed by the Hospitals and Physicians of Europe as a sure Specific Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Brick-Dust deposits, Liver Disease, Female Complaints, pain in back, etc. Sold at Two Dollars a Bottle. Descriptive Book sent free to all. We know that ALKAVIS is a Positive Cure for these diseases, and to prove to you its Wonderful Effects, and for the sake of introduction, we will send you enough for one week's use, by mail, prepaid, FREE, if you are a sufferer. It is an unfailing cure. A trial costs you nothing. Address, The CHURCH KIDNEY CURE CO., 416 Fourth Avenue, New York.

IVORY SOAP

"IT FLOATS"

IS NOT LOST IN THE TUB.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.